

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XX.

AUGUST, 1810.

No. IV.

ART. I.—*The Lady of the Lake ; a Poem. By Walter Scott, Esq. Printed at Edinburgh, for Ballantyne, Longman, &c. London, 4to. 420 pp. pr. 2l. 2s. Also, second Edition, 8vo. pr. 12s.*

MR. SCOTT has, both in the introductory and in the concluding stanzas of this new poem, adverted (in very poetical language) to the tribe of critics who, like 'envious ivy,' have clung round his harp and endeavoured to prevent its returning any future sound to the hand of its master. Holding ourselves among the number of those who are thus personified, we must, at the same time that we deny the charge of intentional obstruction, avow our sincere pleasure that the restraint, although existing only in imagination, has proved ineffectual. With respect to the accusation of 'envy,' (although our old fashioned notions of modesty are such as to make us conceive that it would have been pronounced with a better grace by the friends of Mr. Scott, than by Mr. Scott himself) to deny that there is any foundation for it would hardly be considered in the light of a compliment; and, as we are really disposed at this moment to be very complimentary, we shall, therefore, say nothing about it. But our best defence to this, and any similar charges which may be brought against us, either by Mr. Scott himself, or by his indiscriminating admirers, is, that the poet has bowed, in some respects at least, to our opinion, and submitted to correct the most glaring of those peculiarities, which (whatever may have been the motives of our criticisms) we have ventured to criticise as faults. In this new poem, he has exchanged the favourite ballad-metre, of which we have so frequently complained, for the uniform flow of the four-foot couplet, (uniform—except in the lyrical pieces which are occasionally interspersed

throughout the work)—and, what is of still greater importance in our view of his merits, he has, together with the former motley garb, thrown away for the most part all the antiquated, and all the vulgar, expressions which used to accompany it, and by which he so often sacrificed the praise of real poetry to the poor pride of successful imitation. In short, *envy* (if Mr. Scott has neither humility nor candour enough to ascribe our criticisms to a more honourable motive) has in one instance at least been attended with beneficial consequences : and if *envy* still urges us to say that, although Mr. Scott has done much, he has not done all ; that a great deal more of time and labour is requisite to the production of a perfect poem, than Mr. Scott has ever yet thought proper to bestow on his most successful compositions ; that the very facility which he evinces in the production of his short and undignified measure of eight syllables, is not so much the test, as it is the bane, of real genius, and ought in itself to prove a warning to him to exchange it for the more laborious heroic couplet or Spenserian stanza ; that he has suffered his natural freedom to degenerate into licentiousness wholly inconsistent with the strictness of his political creed, a licentiousness equally reprehensible both by the whigs and tories of true taste, and for which he deserves at least a two year's imprisonment in the Newgate of Mount Helicon ; and to find security for his good behaviour all his life after ; and if Mr. Scott should pay so much regard to these suggestions as on some future occasion to produce a poem still more free from fault than the present ; however desirous we may be of Mr. Scott's good opinion, we shall consider the amendment of his style a sufficient indemnification for the loss of it.

We shall not now proceed to particularize objections which our criticisms on Mr. Scott's former poems have enough explained already, but, leaving for the conclusion of our article any additional remarks which *envy* may yet have in store, relate the interesting tale before us, helping out our narrative with such extracts from the poem itself as may relieve our prosaic tediousness.

Canto the first.—The poem opens with the description of a chase in that romantic region of the Highland Borders, which extends to the east of Loch Katrine, comprehending the deep glens of the Trosachs, and the mountains of Benvoirlich and Benvenue. This description is continued through several successive stanzas (if we may be allowed so to style the arbitrary divisions of Mr. Scott's versification) with undiminished ardour, and with a force of painting sufficient to persuade us that the poet must himself have been a frequent

and enthusiastic partaker in the noble sport which he so feelingly celebrates. There is another circumstance occurring, not only in this, but in some of his former poems also, which we shall here notice by the by as confirming our belief, that Mr. Scott's experience in the art of hunting, extends considerably beyond the knowledge derived from his books of knight-errantry and border-history—we mean, the affection he is always fond of displaying for 'the mute companions of the chase.' This is, indeed, an essential characteristic of the chivalrous ages; and, as such, Mr. Scott could not have failed to introduce it as a prominent feature in his historical pictures; but nevertheless we deem it impossible that Fitz-James could have lamented so pathetically the fall of his 'gallant Grey,' or Douglas, resented so proudly the insult offered to his faithful Lufre, had not the poet felt a stronger interest than that of a mere narrator of imaginary events in the persons of the courser and the greyhound. A similar remark may be made upon 'the antler'd monarch of the waste':—our readers will instantly remember the fine description at the close of the second canto of *Marmion*; and, when they compare it with the following animated lines, they will not fail to join with us in opinion that *books* could not have furnished the writer with all the variety and all the expressive minuteness of his portraits.

'The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste,
But e'er his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

p. 6.

To return from this digression—Fitz-James, the knight of Snowdon—(for by that style and title he afterwards announces himself; he is at first mentioned only as 'the foremost hunter,') being carried away by the eagerness of the pursuit far beyond his companions, lost at last all trace of them among the wildest recesses of those romantic regions. His steed, exhausted, sinks under him, and expires before his eyes. The shades of evening begin to gather round, and

the bold hunter discovers, not without some uncomfortable sensations, the improbability of his recovering his lost road, or rejoining his fellow-sportsmen before night-fall. The hurry and tumult of the chase being thus suddenly checked, the poet finds himself at leisure for description of a more still and awful scene ; and perhaps the art of landscape-painting in poetry has never been displayed in higher perfection than in the ensuing stanzas, to which rigid criticism might possibly object that the picture is somewhat too minute, and that the contemplation of it detains the traveller somewhat too long from the main purpose of his pilgrimage, but which it would be an act of the greatest injustice to break into fragments and present by piece-meal. Not so the magnificent scene which bursts upon the bewildered hunter as he emerges at length from the Dell and commands at one view the beautiful expanse of Loch Katrine, and which, together with the natural and soothing reflexions which it inspires, we should not refrain from inserting in this place, but for a more interesting object which impels us irresistably forward. The knight has descended on the margin of the lake, and once more winds his horn in hopes to make himself heard by some of his lost companions.

‘ But scarce again his horn he wound
 When lo ! forth starting at the sound,
 From underneath an aged oak,
 That slanted from the islet rock,
 A damsel guider of its way,
 A little skiff shot to the bay,
 That round the promontory steep
 Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
 Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
 The weeping willow twig to lave,
 And kiss, with whispering sound and slow
 The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
 The boat had touched this silver strand,
 Just as the hunter left his stand,
 And stood concealed amid the brake
 To view this Lady of the Lake.
 The maiden paused, as if again
 She thought to catch the distant strain :
 With head up-raised, and look intent,
 And eye and ear attentive bent,
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,
 Like monument of Grecian art ;
 In listening mood she seemed to stand,
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.’

Hermits as we are, it does not become us to dwell on the seductive picture of female loveliness which succeeds; but, for the explanation of what follows, we must inform our readers that

‘A chieftain’s daughter seemed the maid,’

and that, although

—‘Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guiltless movements of her breast.’

‘One only passion, unreveal’d,
With maiden pride the maid conceal’d :
Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—
O need I tell that passion’s name ?’

This most enchanting creature, at first sound of the horn, fancies that it is her father returned from the chase ; on receiving no reply to her call, her second thought is of a certain Highland youth named Malcolm ; but as soon as, deceived in both her conjectures, she discovers the stranger, Fitz-James, she pushes further from the shore with all the alarm of timid modesty.—However,

‘Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.’

—‘On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press’d its signet sage,
Yet had not quench’d the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth ;
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare ;
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
Of hasty love or headlong ire.
His limbs were cast, in manly mould,
For hardy sports or contests bold ;
And though in peaceful garb array’d,
And weaponless, except his blade ;
His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a baron’s crest he wore,
And sheath’d in armour trod the shore.
Slighting the petty need he show’d,
He told of his benighted road ;
His ready speech flow’d fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy ;
Yet seem’d that tone, and gesture bland
Less used to sue than to command.’

Reassured by so noble a demeanour, the timid Ellen pushes back her bark to the shore, and offers to pilot him to her 'bower,' in a neighbouring islet of the lake, at the same time informing him, to his great astonishment, that she was not wholly unprepared to expect him, the arrival of a stranger of precisely his mien and dress, together with some of the casualties which had brought him thither, having been distinctly foretold in the preceding night by old Allan-bane, her second-sighted minstrel. Half-believing himself to be in a scene of fairy enchantment, Fitz-James accepts the offer of his fair guide, who sportively humours the wanderings of his imagination while she suffers him to take the oars from her hand and steers him to the island. Landed, she leads him up

‘ A clambering unsuspected road,’

to the door of her rustic retreat, which is described as rude and strange in form and materials, but of ample dimensions, and displaying in its simple ornaments the taste of its fair inhabitant.

“ An instant in the porch she staid,
And gaily to the stranger said,
—“ On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall.”—
—“ My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee.”

On entering, he hears ‘ the clang of angry steel,’ and looking round, not unmoved, for the cause, sees that a sword which had been suspended over the threshold, had fallen before his feet. He lifts it from the ground, observing that the weight is such that only one, of all the warriors he has ever known, is capable of wielding it at ease. Ellen sighs, but gaily answers that the strength of her father is equal to that ‘ of Ferragus, or Ascapart,’ and that he is able to brandish it like a hazle wand. She now introduces her guest to an elder lady, to whom (as Mr. Scott expresses it somewhat enigmatically, like Hamlet’s ‘ more than kin, but less than kind,’)

——— ‘ though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother’s due.’

This venerable matron receives the stranger with no less hospitable courtesy than the younger lady had shewn. He partakes of the refreshments offered him, and reveals his own name and quality in the hopes of a similar confidence in return—but his curiosity is effectually balked by the silence

of the matron and the evasive gaiety of her ward; and he at last retires to rest on a bed of mountain-heather, still unsatisfied and bewildered by a crowd of various conjectures. In this state of mind, he falls asleep, and is visited by such a strange and romantic dream as may be naturally expected to flow from the extraordinary events of the past day. It might, perhaps, be quoted as one of Mr. Scott's most successful efforts in descriptive poetry. Some few lines of it are indeed unrivalled for delicacy and melancholy tenderness—but we foresee that the *waking* events of the poem are sufficient to occupy a longer space in narration than we can find room to give them; and we must, therefore, hasten to greet the awakened traveller, at the first dawn of day.

Canto the 2d —Fitz-James is already half-way across the lake on his return, when he is saluted by the harp of Allan-bane, the aged minstrel, accompanied by words bidding him 'farewell,'

'And think no more of the lonely isle.'

With a mind ill-disposed to obey the injunction; (for it is not to be supposed that the impression made on it by the charms of the mysterious Ellen is calculated to be of transient duration) he looks back, on landing, and sees the minstrel on the beach of the island, with Ellen herself standing at his side, watching his departure. For a moment, perhaps, the Lady of the Lake has forgotten Malcolm in her silent and expressive farewell to the courteous and gallant Fitz-James; but, whatever might be the nature of *his* feeling on the occasion, her's is only instantaneous; and she upbraids herself with severity even for this passing shade of forgetfulness. A conversation now takes place between her and her prophetic attendant, which reveals to the reader the secret so anxiously guarded from Fitz-James.

In the minority of James V. the favourite family of Douglas enjoyed the fullness of power over the monarch and his realm. A conspiracy was at last formed by the principal barons to deliver James from their thralldom—the earl of Angus (chief of the family) was banished for ever from the realm; and the most distinguished of his kinsmen and adherents either proscribed and banished like himself, or deprived of their authority and their best possessions. Among the former was the uncle of Angus, and father of Ellen, an imaginary personage whom Mr. Scott has rendered the representation of all that history records or romance has invented, of strong, brave, and illustrious, in the Douglas name. This venerable warrior is supposed to have sought the protection of Rode-

rick Dhù, the chief of Clan-Alpin, (a considerable Highland tribe) and to have been concealed by him in the island of Loch Katrine, from which Fitz-James has been just dismissed in the manner above related. The elder lady is the paternal aunt of Ellen and the mother of Frederick—and the latter, a brave, ambitious, and turbulent chieftain, endued with all the most prominent virtues and vices of a semi-barbarous state, has already manifested his desire of a recompence for his hospitality to the ruined fortunes of Douglas in the hand of his daughter, whose affections are nevertheless averted from him by her chaste love for Malcolm Græme, a young Highlander, equally deserving of her by merit as by birth. Such is the state of affairs, at the opening of the poem, to which we must not fail to add, that the enemies of the Douglasses have inspired the king with a rooted antipathy to their name and race ; and that they live, even in ‘ the lonely isle,’ not without constant dread of discovery, both from that circumstance and from the spirit of border-warfare which is constantly tempting the chief of Clan-Alpin to some new marauding incursion upon the Lowland frontier.

It is in earnestly recommending his fair mistress to become the bride of this Roderick, that the minstrel is employed during the conversation which we have just mentioned as taking place between them. She at first resists his solicitations, (though accompanied with some dismal forebodings of the future, in case of her non-compliance) with the same sportive levity that she used to elude the inquiries of Fitz-James ; but at last she assumes a more serious tone, with the encreasing importunity of her monitor, she owns her obligations to him both on her own account, and on that of her father and his house, but solemnly adds,

‘ Allan ! Sir Roderick should command
My blood—my life—but not my hand ;’

and then, admitting the good qualities on which Allan-bane had dwelt in support of his arguments, but contrasting them at the same time with the darker traits of his savage character, she draws the following fine picture of him whom (from the share he occupies in the succeeding portion of the poem) we should be inclined to call in preference to either of its other personages the hero of it.

————— ‘ I grant him brave,
But wild as Bracklinn’s thundering wave ;
And generous—save vindictive mood,
Or jealous transport chafe his blood !

I grant him true to friendly band,
 As his clay more is to his hand ;
 But O ! that very blade of steel,
 More mercy for a foe would feel :
 I grant him liberal, to fling
 Among his clan the wealth they bring ;
 When back by lake and glen they wind,
 And in the Lowland leave behind :
 Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,
 A mass of ashes slaked with blood.
 The hand that for my father fought,
 I honour, as his daughter ought ;
 But can I clasp it reeking red,
 From peasants' slaughtered in their shed ?
 No ! wildly while his virtues gleam,
 They make his passions darker seem,
 And flash along his spirit high,
 Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.
 While yet a child—and children know,
 Instinctive taught, the friend and foe :
 I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
 His shadowy plaid, and sable plume ;
 A maiden grown, I ill could bear
 His haughty mien and lordly air ;
 But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,
 In serious mood, to Roderick's name ;
 I thrill with anguish ! or, if e'er
 A Douglas knew the word, with fear.'

p. 62, 63.

While they are yet discoursing, a little squadron of boats is discovered at a distance on the lake, and the sounds of martial music are heard advancing by degrees. This, it may be supposed, is Roderick himself returning from one of his plundering inroads ; and, however we may dislike the *geographical* song and chorus, half English and half Erse, which is sung in praise of the warrior, we must allow that in other respects the hero of a poem, has seldom, if ever, been introduced with finer effect, or in a manner better calculated to excite the expectations of the reader, than on the present occasion. Soon his fond mother and all the domestics are assembled on the island-beach to welcome him on his landing. Ellen only trembles at his approach, and hearing at the same time the sound of her father's horn from the main-land, avails herself of the excuse it offers for slipping away from the expectant groupe, and guides her little skiff to the opposite shore.

' Some feelings are to mortals given,
 With less of earth in them than heaven ;

And if there be a human tear
 From passion's dross refined and clear ;
 A tear so limpid and so meek,
 It would not stain an angel's cheek :
 'Tis that which pious fathers' shed
 Upon a duteous daughter's head !
 And as the Douglas to his breast
 His darling Ellen closely pressed,
 Such holy drops her tresses steeped,
 Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd.
 Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
 Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
 Marked she, that fear (affection's proof,)
 Still held a graceful youth aloof ;
 No ! not till Douglas named his name,
 Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.' p. 73, 74.

It seems that Douglas, while hunting the preceding day in the wilds of Glenfinlas, had found himself in danger of a discovery from some of the king's retainers, who were engaged in the pleasures of the chase at the same time in the surrounding regions ; that in this emergency he was met by Malcolm who gladly undertook the office of conducting the father of his lovely mistress through unfrequented paths, known to himself, safe from the intrusion of his enemies. They cannot be so wanting in hospitality as not to engage the brave young hunter to accompany them to the island, although not ignorant that Roderick's jealousy had once before been excited on his account ; and their reception by that rude and undisguised warrior, although he

— ' nor in action, word, or eye
 Fail'd aught in hospitality,'

is such as to mark the displeasure which his unlooked-for presence occasions. The sudden arrival of a courier with some important intelligence, interrupts his reflexions ; and, after a short absence, he returns to his assembled guests, and acquaints them that king James, under the pretext of the chase, has penetrated with a considerable force, into the recesses of his wild domains, that Douglas has been discovered while on his late hunting expedition, and that no doubt remains of the king's intention to visit their clan, with the same measure of ' vindictive' justice which he has just dealt to the untameable barons of the English Border. He then, without further prelude, proposes as the cement of his union to the Douglas cause, an immediate marriage with Ellen, promising that, for the celebration of their nuptials,

' A thousand villages in flames
Shall scare the slumbers of king James.'

' There are who have, at midnight hour,
In slumber scaled a dizzy tower ;
And, on the verge that beetled o'er
The ocean-tide's incessant roar,
Dreamed calmly out their dangerous dream,
Till wakened by the morning beam ;
When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
Such startler cast his glance below,
And saw unmeasured depth around,
And heard unintermitted sound,
And thought the battled fence so frail,
It waved like cobweb in the gale ;
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
Did he not desperate-impulse feel,
Headlong to plunge himself below,
And meet the worst his fears foreshow ?
Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,
As sudden ruin yawned around,
By crossing terrors wildly tossed,
Still for the Douglas fearing most,
Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
To buy his safety with her hand.'

p. 85, 86.

On the point of giving her irrevocable consent; her father discovers the conflict in her bosom, and anticipating her reply,

" Roderick, enough, enough," he cried ;
My daughter cannot be thy bride !
Not that the blush to wooer dear,
Nor paleness that of maiden fear."

The effect of this frank denial on the mind of Roderick is finely described. For some time he paces the hall in gloomy silence ; and, at last his rage bursts on the head of Malcolm, whose joy at the sudden turn in his favour is not attempted to be concealed. The gallant youth, ill disposed to brook the insult of a rival, retorts with equal fierceness—and, Douglas interposing to restrain him from resenting it as his momentary passion prompts, he quits the rustic bower, and disdaining to owe to Roderick

' Ev'n the poor service of a boat,'

plunges into the tide, and vigorously swims to the opposite coast.

Canto the 3d.—This division of the poem we shall here

pass over with scarcely any notice, not that some of its detached passages are not equal to the best efforts of the poet's genius, but that it sensibly delays the main business of the tale, and we have not time at present to employ on digressions. We shall, therefore, briefly observe that, whatever may be its intrinsic beauties, we cannot but regard it as a serious blemish on the consistency and arrangement of a poem of six cantos, that almost the whole of one of them is occupied by the prolix description of one circumstance which in itself hardly advances the design of the fable in the proportion of a single stanza. This circumstance is the 'Gathering,' or calling together of the clan to oppose the invasion threatened by the royal forces; an ancient custom of the Highland tribes, extremely curious as an historical fact, and diversified in the narration by some detached incidents of considerable pathos; but still, as we contend, by no means justifying such a delay in the main action of so short a poem. Meanwhile, Douglas and his daughter have left their retreat in the island, and taken refuge in a cavern reputed to be haunted, and known by a name expressive of the vulgar superstition annexed to it. Here again the picture of the haughty Roderick, fondly lingering in the neighbourhood of her retreat, and listening to the sounds of her voice, while she sings her evening hymn to the Virgin, is wrought up with a great deal of fine poetry and fine sentiment.—Not so, (we are compelled to say) is the hymn itself which Ellen sings, than which we have seldom read a composition at once so tame and so affected. But the farewell of her discarded lover is extremely beautiful.

——— ' While his plaid he round him cast,
 " It is the last time, 'tis the last,"—
 He mutter'd thrice—" the last time e'er
 That angel voice shall Roderick hear !"

In sullen silence he throws himself into his boat, and hastens to join his assembled clansmen.

Canto the 4th.—We are now treated with another digression which threatens to last as long as the former, without being half so interesting in itself. It consists in a description of the Highland superstition called 'The Taghairm,' a mode of divination concerning which, for the reasons before assigned, we shall leave the curiosity of our readers unsatisfied, informing them only of the sentence pronounced by the augur as the certain result of it.

' Which spills the foremost foeman's life,
 That party conquers in the strife.'

These solemnities being finished, the scene shifts again to 'Coir-Uriskin,' the cavern, in which Ellen is now left under the protection of old Allan-bane, her father having left it with the secret purpose of throwing himself at the feet of king James, and offering himself a victim for the pardon of Roderick and his clan, and the future security of his daughter. That affectionate maid, though ignorant of his real purpose, is not the less solicitous about the cause of his absence, and Allan-bane, to amuse her mind, has been reciting a long ballad, when

'Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,
A stranger climb'd the steepy glade ;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting suit of Lincoln Green ;
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—
—'Tis Snowdown's knight, 'tis James Fitz-James'—

—who, having heard of the danger which threatened Roderick's clan, and of the place of Ellen's retreat, had hastened thither with the design of persuading her to accept the protection of his arm and the Asylum of his castle. He explains in few words the object of his suit, and urges it with amorous impatience, when Ellen, repenting of the encouragement which she might have unwittingly given to his expectations at the time of their last meeting, resolves to make the best reparation for her fault by a frank confession of her love for Malcolm.

'Fitz-James knew every wily train
A lady's fickle heart to gain,
But here he knew and felt them vain :
There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
To give her steadfast speech the lye ;
In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh,
Of deep and hopeless agony ;
As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom,
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.

p. 168, 169.

Thus repulsed, he does not the less, from motives of generous sympathy, press the offer of protection which he had before made from a more selfish principle ; but this also Ellen refuses on the plea of danger from the rage and power of Roderick, at the same time, that she warns Fitz-James not to place too implicit a confidence in the rude 'Kerne,' who has hitherto served for a guide, and is engaged to attend him on his return. At last, finding all his efforts ineffectual

to persuade her, he forces on her acceptance a ring, which he informs her had been bestowed on him by king James for some exemplary service, and which will prove a sure and easy means of access to the king, if, hereafter, she should find any cause to throw herself on the royal protection. He then takes his leave and follows his 'Kerne,' not without due suspicion of his designs, back through the defiles by which he is engaged to guide him safe from the scouts of Roderick's army, to the Lowland frontier. A slight circumstance soon occurs to give fresh colour to the warnings of Ellen, and the doubts of Fitz-James are already considerably increased, when they are met on their road by an unfortunate maniac, from whose wild notes of complaint, aided by the sullen explanations of his guide, Fitz-James learns enough to discover that her despair had arisen from the loss of a lover barbarously slain by Roderick Dhù, during one of his border-forays. This poor creature, casting her eyes on Murdoch, and then on Fitz-James, wildly bids the latter beware of treachery.

'Fitz-James's mind was passion-toss'd,
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost ;
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
And Blanche's song conviction brought.
Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But lion of the hunt aware :
He waved at once his blade on high,
" Disclose thy treachery, or die !"
Forth at full speed the clansman flew,
But in his race his bow he drew ;
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast.
Murdoch of Alpine ! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need !
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind !
Fate judges of the rapid strife—
The forfeit, death—the prize is life !

p. 178, 179.

Fitz-James wins the dreadful stake, and Murdoch, by his fall, accomplishes the prophecy in favour of the royal cause : for, in fact, the suspicion of his designs was well-founded, and he had already conducted his intended victim almost within the toils prepared for him by the men of the clan. The wound of poor Blanche is mortal—but with her dying hand she gives to Fitz-James a bloody braid of her lover's hair, which he swears to wear in his helmet for her sake, and not rest, till he has avenged her wrongs on the head of Roderick.

Sufficiently guarded against the danger of pursuing any beaten track, Fitz-James now incurs the dangers hardly less imminent with which nature herself appears to have guarded those savage defiles. Night comes on while he is still wandering uncertain of his right direction.

‘The shades of Eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light,
To guide the wanderer’s steps aright;
Yet not enough from far to shew,
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice, there,
Temper’d the midnight mountain air;
But every breeze, that swept the wold,
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock’s huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.’

p. 184, 185.

A mountaineer is lying beside the fire, whose hospitality he claims for a benighted traveller; and being questioned whether he comes as a foe or friend to Clan-Alpin, he frankly confesses himself a foe. The Highlander with equal frankness owns himself to be the friend and kinsman of Roderick—but the claim of hospitality is not to be rejected; he promises him not only food and lodging, but safe conduct, the next morning, to the borders of the clan—and then,

—‘The brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.’

Canto the 5th.—Morning has no sooner dawned than Fitz-James arises and finds his host already prepared to fulfil his promise of a safe conduct. For sometime they converse amicably together; but, the recent discovery made by poor Blanche of Devan, added to his former knowledge of the wild and untameable character of Roderick, renders Fitz-James unable to conceal his hatred to that redoubted chief, of whose character, he speaks in terms equally ‘harsh and contemptuous to his faithful clansman.’ The Highlander

listens to him with evident indignation, but still observes his promise with stern fidelity. At length Fitz-James acquaints him with his vow to engage with Roderick in mortal combat, and declares his ardent wish to meet him and his assembled clan in arms.

"Have then thy wish!"—he whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprang up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart;
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life,
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen,
At once with full five hundred men;
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.

* * * * *

The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side;
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How sayest thou now?
These are Clan-Alpin's warriors true;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhù!"

p. 202, 203.

Fitz-James, astonished, but not dismayed, at this unexpected vision, stands prepared to sell his life at the greatest cost—but Roderick with a motion of his hand causes the whole array to disappear as quickly as it arose.

"Thou art my guest—I gave the word,
As far as Coilantogle Ford:"—

and to Coilantogle Ford, the utmost boundary of the clan, in gloomy silence they proceed together. As soon as they are arrived, Roderick challenges him to keep his word, and fight him on the spot. Torn from hatred to admiration by the rude generosity of the chieftain, Fitz-James seeks to elude the proffered combat, but Roderick urges his claim with reference to the prophecy, and insists that the present movement must decide, by the death of one of them, the fate of

Clan-Alpin. Then, like Macduff, when he cowed Macbeth by the explanation of the witches' quibble—

— 'By my word, the Saxon said,
The riddle is already read.'

And he relates the death of Murdoch, advising Roderick to submit to fate and throw himself on the clemency of the king. Exasperated at the name of homage, the savage-mountaineer refuses to admit of further parley; and a combat ensues between the two worthies, which, for vigour of description, and the artful balance of victory, has seldom been excelled in poetry. At length, Roderick, desperately wounded, can hold his sword no longer; and some of Fitz-James's retinue at the same instant coming up, he is committed to their care as a prisoner, and all the party proceed together to the court at Stirling.

To Stirling also, Douglas is at the same time hastening; and he arrives there not long after Fitz-James and his companions. The king and his court are assembled to witness the sports of the populace on a city festival, and to distribute the prizes from the royal hand. Douglas mixes, disguised like a plebian, in the crowd, with the design of fixing his sovereign's attention on him, by his feats of personal strength and prowess. He wins every successive prize in the feats of archery, wrestling, and hurling, and watches the king's countenance each time with the vain hope of discovering some spark of awakened grace and tenderness—but James coldly delivers him the prizes, steadfastly eying him each time with an unchanging countenance. A royal stag is let loose; and Douglas's dog, an unprivileged intruder, joins in the chase and soon outstrips all his competitors, till one of the king's huntsmen interposes and brutally strikes him.

— 'The Douglas had endured, that morn,

The king's cold look, the noble's scorn,

And last, and worst to spirit proud,

Had borne the pity of the crowd;

But Lufra had been fondly bred,

To share his board, to watch his bed,

And oft would Ellen, Lufra's neck,

In maiden glee, with garlands deck;

They were such playmates, that with name,

Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.

His stifled wrath is brimming high,

In darken'd brow, and flashing eye;

As waves before the bark divide,

The crowd gave way before his stride;

Needs but a buffet and no more,

The groom lies senseless in his gore.'

p. 229, 230.

All now is clamour and uproar—the mob, who have before recognized the Douglas in the victor of the preceding games, rush tumultuously to his defence, but he breaks through them, and throws himself at the feet of his monarch. James, highly incensed, spurns the suppliant from him, and orders him to prison. The populace is already ripe for insurrection; but Douglas magnanimously by haranguing them appeases the tumult he had innocently occasioned. The sports break up suddenly—the unfortunate earl is conveyed to the castle, and the king returns, sullen and discontented, to his palace.

Canto the 6th.—We are now presented with a very picturesque description of the interior of a guard-room, on the merits of which we have not leisure to dwell, but hasten to inform our readers that, a battle having taken place between the king's forces under the command of the earl of Mar, and the troops of Clan-Alpin, which had, however, terminated indecisively, Ellen, whose anxiety for her father is raised to the utmost pitch, has thrown herself, together with her venerable attendant, on the protection of the royal commander, and has been sent by him, under an escort, to Stirling Castle. Introduced into the guard-room, and exposed to the licentious ribaldry of the soldiers, she recollects Fitz-James's present, and is astonished to find that by the production of the ring, all this brutal insolence is suddenly converted into the most profound respect. She is immediately conducted to a fitter apartment, attended with a due solicitude, and bid to wait till the hour of audience, at which she is to be presented to the king himself.

Meanwhile, old Allan-bane demands to be guided to his master, meaning Douglas, whose imprisonment in the castle he already knows; and the soldier who undertakes to escort him, by a natural mistake, leads him into the chamber where the wounded Roderick lies.

' As the tall ship, whose lofty prore
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand.
So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhù !
And oft his fever'd limbs he threw,
In toss abrupt, as when her sides
Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
Yet cannot heave her from her seat ;
O ! how unlike her course on sea,
Or his free step on hill and lea !

p. 259, 260.

The unfortunate warrior now, for the first time, learns what has past in the mountains since his departure with Fitz-James on the preceding morning. But when he hears of the battle, all his martial ardour rushes into his exhausted frame, and he demands of the minstrel to tune his harp and sing the events of a changeful day. Unable to refuse the command of the dying chief, Allane-bane complies with trembling and reluctance;

‘ But soon remembrance of the sight,

* * *

Awakened the full power of song

And bore him in career along.

The description of the battle follows, in that wild irregular metre, which we have so often denounced as wholly unfit for the tenor of a long connected poem, but which, casually introduced, as in the present place, upon occasions requiring powerful and rapid description, is accompanied with a peculiarly grand and striking effect. But, before he has arrived at its conclusion, the minstrel suddenly breaks off his rhapsody.

‘ Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brook’d his minstrelsy !
At first, the chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand, kept feeble time ;
That motion ceased—yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song ;
At length, no more his deafen’d ear
The minstrel melody can hear ;
His face grows sharp—his hands are clench’d,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrench’d ;
Set are his teeth—his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy
Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhù !’

p. 275.

The poem now hastens to its conclusion. The solitude of Ellen is at last interrupted by the entrance of Fitz-James himself, who addresses her with the tender familiarity of a brother, and offers to be her conductor to the presence chamber. She accepts his proffered service, and leaning with trembling apprehension on his arm, is led by him through the long galleries of the palace, to the brilliant hall where all that is noble and beautiful in the court of Scotland already waits to receive the sovereign. For a time she dares not lift up her eyes or cast a single glance around her. At length, reassured by the gentle encouragement of her guardian,

"—Slow her drooping head she raised,
 And fearful round the presence gazed;
 For him she sought, who own'd this state,
 The dreaded prince whose will was fate!
 She gazed on many a princely port,
 Might well have ruled a royal court;
 On many a splendid garb she gazed—
 Then turn'd, bewildered, and amazed,
 For all stood bare, and in the room
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
 To him each lady's look was lent,
 On him each courtier's eye was bent;
 Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
 The centre of the glittering ring,
 And Snowdown's knight is Scotland's king! p. 282, 283.

We have no room for further extracts, and it is easy to conjecture the full pardon and reconciliation on all sides, which succeeds this happy and most unexpected discovery. Douglas is restored to all his former honours and to the confidence of his sovereign, and James himself crowns the happiness of Ellen and her Malcolm, with whose character we have no fault to find, except that it is brought so little forward as to cause the reader some little regret that the gallant Fitz-James had not been what he appears to be through the whole course of the poem, and had not met with the return which his romantic and generous love for Ellen seems to deserve, while we consider him in the light of a private chieftain.

We have left ourselves very little room for further observation. On a comparison of the merits of this poem with the two former productions of the same unquestioned genius, we are inclined to bestow on it a very decided preference over both. It would, perhaps, be difficult to select any one passage of such genuine inspiration as one or two that might be pointed out in the lay of the last minstrel—and perhaps in strength and discrimination of character it may fall short of *Marmion*; although we are loath to resign either the rude and savage generosity of Roderick, the romantic chivalry of James, or the playful simplicity, the affectionate tenderness, the modest courage, of Ellen Douglas, to the claims of any competitors in the last mentioned poem. But, for interest, and artificial management in the story, for *general* ease and grace of versification, and correctness of language, the *Lady of the Lake* must be universally allowed, we think, to excel, and very far excel, either of her predecessors.

The exceptions to this latter part of our panegyric, are, as we have already hinted, though fewer than in his former works, still much too numerous for a poet who would assert his claims to immortality. Nor are they always of that more pardonable, but still very faulty class,

‘*Quas incuria fudit—*’

for they are often the vices of affectation and of an attachment to a certain species of composition which, as the produce of a rude and unpolished people, can never be a safe or proper model of imitation in this age of refinement and correctness. We shall forbear to qualify the pleasure with which our preceding extracts will be read by any particular examples in support of this charge, but are ready to produce numerous instances, such as Mr. S. himself will be forced with shame to acknowledge, if ever we are called upon to do so.

With regard to the ballads, songs, and other scraps of lyrical and irregular poetry which we have mentioned to be scattered through the poem, they have, in general, displeased us extremely; and even of those which in themselves are such as to deserve some portion of praise, the greater number are unnecessary interruptions of the narrative, and would have been much better placed in any separate publication.

Each canto is introduced by two or three stanzas in the Spenserian measure, a peculiarity much more consistent with the plan of the poem, than the long unconnected epistles in *Marmion*. We have forborne to quote any of these from the want of sufficient space; but we should not think we had performed our duty without mentioning that they bear witness to the ease and taste of the poet in the management of that more difficult style of composition, and induce us earnestly to wish that we may see at some future time an entire and uniform poem composed on the same model of versification from the pen of Mr. Scott.

With regard to his obscure threat of avenging himself on the envious critics by offering them no more food for criticism, we disregard it as an idle menace altogether; and we beg leave to inform him, that whenever he appears before us again, (for appear he must and will, and perhaps more shortly than we should in sober seriousness advise him) we shall receive him with undisguised pleasure; but with the same frankness, both of approbation and censure, with which we will always meet whoever comes before us, whether the first of popular favourites, or the most neglected among the candidates for immortal fame.

ART. II.—*The Life of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambrai ; compiled from Original Manuscripts. By M. Z. F. de Bausset, formerly Bishop of Alais, &c. &c. Translated from the French by William Mudford. London, Sherwood, 1810, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.*

THE subject of this life, Francis de Salignac de la Mothe-Fenelon, was descended from an ancient family, and born in the castle of Fenelon, in Perigord, on the sixth of August, 1651. After receiving some instruction in the classics, in which he is said to have attained an early proficiency, he was sent, at the age of twelve years, to the university of Cahors. From this place he was invited to Paris by his uncle the Marquis Antoine de Fenelon, who placed his nephew at the college of Plessis. Here he commenced his theological studies ; and so far distinguished himself that he was suffered to preach a sermon at the age of fifteen. Fenelon was afterwards removed by this uncle to the seminary of St. Sulpice, under the care of M. Tronson. Under the auspices of M. Tronson, Fenelon seems to have imbibed a portion of that refined enthusiasm, which was certainly one of his distinguishing traits, but which operating on the sympathies of a disposition, naturally mild and amiable, only rendered his philanthropy more vigorous, and his character more consistent.

Some of the ecclesiastics, who had been educated at the seminary of St. Sulpice, had gone out as missionaries to Canada ; and Fenelon appears, at this time, to have been seized with a holy longing to embark in the same pious undertaking. But one of his uncles, the bishop of Sarlat, interposed to frustrate this project ; and to make the nephew desist from hazarding his delicate health in such an inclement region, and wasting his efforts in such an unpromising enterprise. Fenelon returned to St. Sulpice, and commenced his ministerial functions in that parish. In the exercise of his duty he mingled with all classes of persons, and had numerous opportunities of increasing his knowledge of the human heart, and of extending his views of human life. At the expiration of three years he was appointed by the curate (rector) of the parish of St. Sulpice to explain the sacred writings to the people on Sundays and festivals. This opened a wider sphere for the exercise of his talents, and rendered him an object of public notice.

Fenelon seems to have been strongly impressed with a de-

sire of signalizing his zeal as a missionary; for we find him soon after this on the point of embarking to convert the infidels in the Levant. But this intention was happily rendered abortive by his appointment to the office of Superior to an institution, which had been established in 1634, for the purpose of preserving the newly converted Catholics of the softer sex (*Les Nouvelles Catholiques*) in the orthodox faith. This employment did not ill accord with the juvenile propensity of Fenelon to make converts to the Catholic church. He entered on his new office with singular assiduity and zeal. He was one of those rare mortals, who possess the faculty of exalting truth by the force of eloquence, and of embellishing even error with the charms of truth.

The marquis de Fenelon introduced his nephew to the acquaintance of several persons of distinction. Among these were the duke de Beauvilliers, M. de Harlai, archbishop of Paris, and the celebrated Bossuet, who was at this time preceptor to the dauphin. Fenelon was impressed with a profound regard for the learning and genius of Bossuet, who undertook to direct him in his studies; and an intimate friendship was cemented between them, which subsisted for many years, till it was dissolved, like many other friendships, by a difference respecting a point of religious speculation.

In 1681, Fenelon's uncle, the bishop of Sarlat, resigned to him the priory of Carenac, worth about three or four thousand livres a year. This was the only benefice which he enjoyed till the age of forty-four. Ten years of the life of Fenelon were devoted to the spiritual superintendence of a community of women. This circumstance probably gave rise to his first work, *A Treatise on Female Education*, to which later writers on this subject are said to have been materially indebted.

Louis XIV. who, though a tyrant himself, was the slave of a double tyranny, that of his mistress and his priest, or of Love and the Catholic faith, had no sooner revoked the edict of Nantz, and removed the most enlightened Protestant ministers from his dominions, than he determined to supply their place by Catholic missionaries, who were dispatched to bring back the *heretical* flock into the ample fold of the Romish communion. Fenelon was placed at the head of the missions of Poitou and Saintonge. His coadjutors were left to his choice, and he certainly evinced great judgment in the selection, as will be acknowledged, when we add that the Abbé de Langeron, the Abbé Fleury, the Abbé Bertier, and the Abbé Milon were in the number of his associates. Before Fenelon entered on his new office, he requested Louis

to remove the military from those places to which he was to be sent, as not likely to be very fit instruments for refuting errors, or dispelling doubts. It is not easy to ascertain the real effect of Fenelon's labours in this work of proselytism; for, in the terror and alarm which, at that time, prevailed in the kingdom, it was a difficult matter to distinguish the fictitious conversions from the sincere. The mild and persuasive eloquence of Fenelon, could not well be exerted in vain, for, even where he did not impress the understanding, he seldom failed to interest the imagination and the affections. He had sufficient piety and good sense not to oppress his converts at once with the whole mass of devotional forms, which are practised in the Romish church. It is worth recording, that this part of France, which abounded with Protestants, when Fenelon was dispatched on his embassy of conversion, furnished the most zealous Catholics in the recent war of La Vendée.

After his return from Poitou, Fenelon was appointed in 1689, preceptor to the young duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV. The duke de Beauvilliers was the governor, who showed both his discernment and his probity in the selection of Fenelon. The appointment of Fenelon excited general satisfaction, and interested, in a high degree, the hopes of the nation in the knowledge, and the virtues, of their future sovereign. The education of princes is rarely confided to men of such incorruptible integrity, and such unsullied worth. M. Bausset has inserted a letter which Fenelon received on this occasion, from M. Tronson, his old instructor, at the seminary of St. Sulpice. M. Tronson seems to have trembled for the danger, to which the principles of his pupil would be exposed in the corrupt atmosphere of a court. One sentence in this letter is rather remarkable. M. Tronson says to Fenelon,

'You are in a country where the gospel of Christ is hardly known, and where they, who do know it, use it only as a means of recommendation among men.'

What? the gospel of Christ hardly known? and yet the territory of France covered with cathedrals, churches, and convents, and filled with a godly assemblage of monks, nuns, priests, bishops, and archbishops!!! The religion of Christ not known, and yet the edict of Nantz repealed! and missionaries employed by the sovereign for the conversion of heretics, and money paid as a *douceur* for the recantation of errors!!! But, it seems from the remark of M. Tronson, that those, who did know the gospel of Jesus Christ,

were not much benefited by the result, for he says that 'they who do know it, use it only as a means of recommendation among men.' Thus then, according to his supposition, the labours of the Gallican church for so many centuries, had produced nothing but ignorance or hypocrisy; a miserable deficiency both of wisdom and of worth.

Fenelon was left at liberty to nominate the persons who were to be subordinate to him in the education of the prince. The abbé Langeron was appointed reader, and the abbé Fleury sub-preceptor. The duke of Burgundy, though only about seven years of age, was already one of the most intractable subjects, on whom it could fall to the lot of any tutor to exercise the discipline of education. Though so young, he had already begun to display the worst qualities of human nature, even in its most corrupt state. He was obstinate, irascible, proud, vindictive, unfeeling in the highest degree; and his disposition already seemed to contain more than the embryo of a Nero or Caligula. His character at this early period had begun to develop those traits, which when they are concentrated in the bosom of an individual, possessed of sovereign power, constitute the essential reality of a tyrant, or a fiend in the human form. Such was the unpromising youth, whom Fenelon had to convert, by his discretion, his gentleness, his firmness, his wise precautions, and his unintermitting care, into a being of a totally different description. Fenelon made the attempt; and he succeeded beyond expectation. The perceptions of the young prince were so quick, that the tutor was under little apprehension about his intellectual progress. It was the untowardness of his disposition, and the premature badness of his heart, which caused the difficulty. To this the chief aims of Fenelon were directed. This occupied all his diligence, his sagacity, and his skill.

Fenelon adopted a plan, which he continually accommodated to the moral state of his pupil, to the predominant vice or humour of the hour. At night he reflected on what had passed in the day, and he contrived a scheme of reform for the morrow. By fables and allegories, combined with exquisite discrimination and good sense, and adapted to the circumstances of his pupil, he continually invited the young prince to contemplate himself in a mirror, in which the resemblance was too clear to be mistaken, and too striking not to arrest the attention, and make the mind pause to survey the features, and compare them with the original. Thus the young prince was artfully led to contemplate his own deformity; to behold it in various attitudes and combinations,

till he turned from it in disgust, and began to see and feel the necessity of some radical change in his disposition and conduct, in order to obtain, what all, and particularly those in a conspicuous sphere of life, must desire to have—love and admiration.

When the pupil of Fenelon yielded to the impetuous ebullitions of anger or of pride, the event was not suffered to be forgotten as soon as the effect ceased. It was brought before the mind in various forms and situations, till the ugliness of the act was seen, and the sentiment of self-disapprobation was felt. When one good impression was made, it was not suffered to be readily effaced. It was continually renewed. Pleasurable sensation and elevated sentiment, were made to cooperate in teaching the lessons of virtue. It cannot be supposed that a disposition, like that of the duke of Burgundy, was suddenly changed. All the care, all the address of Fenelon, could not prevent numerous relapses into error, and frequent repetitions of misconduct, which had been seen and felt with aversion and regret. The twig or scion of royalty could not be made by one effort to assume the direction, in which it ought to grow.

As the subject is one of considerable interest and importance; we shall make a few extracts from this part of the work of M. Bausset, to shew some of the modes which Fenelon practised in the moral discipline of his pupil.

When the young prince broke forth into those violent excesses of passion, which were so habitual to him, the governor, the preceptor, the sub-preceptor, the gentlemen in waiting, and all the servants in the house, concerted together to preserve towards him the most profound silence. They avoided answering any of his questions; they waited upon him with averted looks; or if they directed their eyes towards him, it was with an expression of fear, as if they dreaded to be in the company of a being who had degraded himself by bursts of rage which were incompatible with reason. They appeared to attend to him only from that kind of humiliating compassion which is shewn towards persons who are insane. They merely performed those offices about him which seemed to be simply necessary for the preservation of his miserable existence. They took from him all his books and all his means of instruction, as if they would be henceforth useless to him, being reduced to such a deplorable state. They then left him to himself, to his own reflexions, to his own regret, and to his own remorse. Struck with such an entire desertion, and the distressing solitude to which he was consigned, the penitent prince, convinced of his fault, was eager to fly, once more, to the indulgence and goodness of his preceptor. He threw himself at his feet, confessed his errors, and

declared his firm resolution of avoiding them in future; and he watered with his tears the hands of Fenelon, who pressed him to his bosom with the tender affection of a father, compassionate, and always open to the repenting child.

In these violent contests between an impetuous disposition and a premature reason, the young prince seemed distrustful of himself, and he summoned honour in aid to his promises. The originals of two contracts of honour which he placed in the hands of Fenelon, are yet extant. They are as follow:—

‘I promise, on the faith of a prince, to M. the abbé de Fenelon, to do immediately whatever he shall order me; and to obey him the moment he forbids me to do any thing. If I fail in this, I will consent to any kind of punishment and dishonour. Done at Versailles, the 29th of Nov. 1689.

(Signed) Louis.

‘who promises again to keep his word better. This 20th of Sept. I entreat M. de Fenelon to take care of it.

‘The prince, who subscribed to these engagements of honour, was only eight years old, and he already felt the force of those magic words, *the faith of a prince, &c.*

Fenelon himself was not always secure from the exacerbations of his pupil. We have an account of the manner in which he conducted himself on a very delicate occasion. The effect which he deduced from it was, a lesson to the duke of Burgundy, which no time could efface from his heart and mind. The conduct of Fenelon in this affair may serve as a model to all those who have to exercise the same functions towards the children of princes and noblemen.

Fenelon saw himself compelled to speak to his pupil with an authority, and even a severity, which the nature of his offence required; but the young prince replied, *No, no, Sir: I know who you are and who I am.* Fenelon answered not a word; he felt that the moment was not arrived, and that in the present disposition of his pupil, he would be unfit to listen to him. He appeared, therefore, to meditate in silence, and contented himself with shewing how deeply he was hurt, by the seriousness and solemnity of his deportment.

On the following morning, the duke of Burgundy was hardly awake when Fenelon entered his room. He would not wait until the usual hour of meeting, in order that every thing he had to say to him might appear more marked, and strike, more powerfully, the imagination of the young prince. Fenelon addressed him with a cold and respectful seriousness, very different from his usual manner.

“I know not, Sir,” said he to him, “whether you recollect what you said to me yesterday, that you *knew who you were, and who I am.* It is my duty to inform you, that you are ignorant of both one and the other. You fancy, Sir, I suppose, that you are greater than I am; some servants, no doubt, have told you so; but I, I do not fear to tell you, since you force me to it, that

I am greater than you are. You will easily understand that I do not mean to speak of superiority of birth. You would regard that man as mad, who should aspire to any merit, because the rains of heaven had fertilized his field, and had not watered his neighbour's. But, you yourself, would not be much wiser if you sought to derive any importance from your birth, which can add nothing to your personal merit. You cannot doubt that I am far above you in knowledge and in mind. You know nothing but what I have taught you: and what I have taught you is nothing compared to what I could have taught you. As to authority, you have none over me, but, on the contrary, I have an unbounded authority over you. This, you have often been told by the king, and the prince, your father. You think, perhaps, that I account myself happy, in being appointed to educate you; but undeceive yourself, Sir; I undertook the office, only in obedience to the king's commands, and to please your father; not for the laborious advantage of being your preceptor; and, in order to convince you of this, I am now come to conduct you to his majesty, and to beg of him to appoint you another tutor; whose endeavours, I hope, will be more successful than mine have been."

The duke of Burgundy, whom, a whole night passed in painful reflections and self-reproach, added to the cold and formal deportment of Fenelon, had overwhelmed with grief, was astonished at this declaration. He loved Fenelon with all the tenderness of a son; and, besides, his own self-love, and a delicate deference towards public opinion, made him immediately anticipate what would be thought of him, if a preceptor, of Fenelon's merit, should be forced to renounce his education. He burst into tears, while his sighs, his shame, scarcely permitted him to utter these words:—"Oh! Sir; I am sincerely sorry for what passed yesterday; if you speak to the king I shall lose his friendship; if you desert me, what will be thought of me? I promise, I promise you, that you shall be content with me; but promise me"

Fenelon would promise nothing; he left him the whole day in a state of anxiety and uncertainty. It was not until he was well convinced of the sincerity of his repentance, that he appeared to yield to fresh supplications and to the entreaties of Madame de Maintenon, whom he had persuaded to interfere in the business, in order to confer upon it more effect and solemnity. It was thus, by continual observation, patience and care, that Fenelon was gradually enabled to subdue the violent dispositions of his pupil, and to calm his intemperate passions.

The young prince, from being peevish, morose, vindictive, and overbearing, became gradually gentle, affable, and benign. Unfortunately he did not live to reign; or it is probable that he would have been one of the rare instances of virtue and of wisdom on a throne.

The first years which Fenelon devoted to the education of the duke of Burgundy, are said to have been the happiest of his life.

‘He had obtained an important ascendancy over the young prince; he had subdued his character; he had expanded his heart to the admission of virtuous sentiments; and he had directed his mind to the acquisition of useful and ornamental knowledge, with unexampled rapidity. The court was justly surprised at a change, surpassing every thing, which flattery itself could have asserted. Fenelon resigned himself to the most pleasing hopes; he beheld, in imagination, that futurity in which those principles of justice, of peace, and of happiness, would be realized, which he had instilled; and which would beneficially succeed to the tumult of conquest and the illusions of glory.’

Madame de Maintenon had conceived a profound respect for the character of Fenelon; and she is said to have treated him with a degree of intimacy, which she had never shown to any one before. She once asked him to perform a very difficult and delicate task—to send her in writing an account of her faults. Fenelon undertook this unwelcome office, and appears to have executed it with more candour than could have been expected, and perhaps more than Madame Maintenon herself secretly wished.

‘I cannot,’ says Fenelon, ‘speak of your faults, Madam, but casually. You have never acted much with me, and I place but little reliance upon what others say of you.’

He then proceeds to enumerate what appeared to him the prominent defects in her character. He mentions the abrupt and often causeless extravagance of her friendships and her enmities; he insinuates that her vanity was too inordinate; that she was rather intemperate in her confidence and her distrust; that she often made too little allowance for the imperfections of others; and that she was a little more busy than became her in the administration of public affairs. The following passage is bold, and does great honour to the intrepid probity of the writer.

“As the king acts less from consistency of principle, than from the accidental influence of persons who surround him, and to whom he intrusts his authority, it becomes an essential consideration, to assemble round him, individuals of approved virtues, who would act in concert with yourself to induce him to fulfil his duties in their full extent, of which he has, at present,

no conception. The great point is, to beset him,* since he will have it; to govern him, since he will be governed; and, his salvation rests upon being beset by upright and disinterested individuals. You should, therefore, use all your endeavours to inspire him with a love of peace; to make him anxious for the welfare of his people; to give him moderation, equity, and a distrust of violent and harsh counsels; a horror of acts of arbitrary authority; and, finally, a love for the church, and a desire to provide holy pastors for it."

Fenelon was five years tutor to the French princes, without receiving the least mark of the royal favour. Even his salary was sometimes in arrear; and he occasionally experienced very unpleasant pecuniary vexations. His mind was of that elevated species, which scorns the pursuits of a sordid selfishness; and his conduct was never biassed by any considerations of present interest. In 1690, Louis XIV. after apologizing for his long neglect, presented Fenelon to the abbey of Saint Valery.

In 1695 Fenelon was appointed archbishop of Cambrai. The ceremony of his consecration was performed in the chapel of St. Cyr,

* in the presence of Madame de Maintenon, and the grandsons of Louis XIV. who had the pleasure of seeing their preceptor elevated to a dignity, which was the just and honourable reward of the services bestowed in their education."

It is more probable that he owed this honour, if so it may be called, rather to the favour of Madame Maintenon, and the solicitations of his friends, than to the real regard of Louis, who seems to have conceived an early antipathy to Fenelon; which he was shortly after this at no pains to dissemble or restrain, when circumstances concurred to favour the expression.

A little before the elevation of Fenelon to the archepiscopal dignity, a schism had been produced among the French ecclesiastics, by the writings of Madame Guyon, whose character contained two qualities, which are often found united, that of the visionary and the impostor. The doctrine which Madame Guyon endeavoured to propagate, was denominated 'Quietism,' and seemed designed to produce a total abstraction of the mind from the concerns of this sublunary world, and an absorption of the soul in divine contemplations

* We have not the original before us; but there is evidently a great awkwardness here, and in other parts of the translation.

and devotional ecstasies very incompatible with the circumstances of common life, and the ordinary imperfections of humanity. In one of this lady's productions, entitled *Explication des cantique des cantiques*, many gross passages were mingled in a mass of vague and incoherent reveries. For it is not a little remarkable, so much is man the creature of sense, that the *divine love* of this mystical authoress, and of mystics in general, is apt to degenerate into a very carnal passion, where the language, which is used in the tender intercourse of the sexes, is employed to express devotional sentiments, and when the spiritual fervors of gross mortals are made the bond of a sympathetic union in the worship of the sanctuary.

It is difficult to restrain that devotional ardour, which despises the cold dictates of reason, on this side the line of fanatic extravagance, and when that line is passed, the most licentious conduct may be practised, not only without any compunctious visitings of remorse, but with all the complacency of interior approbation. We do not say that this was the case with Madame Guyon; but such was certainly the evil tendency of her mystical instructions, and such is the tendency of mysticism in general. Madame Guyon herself appears to have made the first display of her *spiritual sublimation*, by deserting her three infant children to make converts to her extravagant notions of love divine.

Fénelon evidently entertained too favourable an opinion both of the conduct and the reveries of Madame Guyon. This involved him in a sort of religious feud, which disturbed the serenity, and destroyed the happiness of his future life. His warm temperament, and his exuberant imagination, naturally predisposed him to be the dupe of mysticism; and in his book entitled '*Explication des maximes des saints sur la vie intérieure*,' he furnished his enemies with more pretexts, than could have been wished, for the accusation.

Fénelon thought that God might be loved purely for himself by a total self abstraction; and that this love was that of 'uncorrupted faith.' This language is vague and indefinite; and like all vague and indefinite language, either in religion or philosophy, is more apt to bewilder than to inform the mind, and to generate error rather than to elucidate truth. What do we mean, when we talk of loving God '*purely for himself*?' Do we mean that we love an impalpable abstraction? To love God is to love something. But what is that something? To talk of loving a spiritual personality, is to talk of loving we know not what. Like the mystics, we only use a jargon, which tends to confuse our perceptions,

and make us deviate from the luminous path of common sense. What then is there in God which is the *proper object of love*? His **GOODNESS**: We love God, *because he is good; because he is our father and benefactor*. Whatever mystics, or religionists of any description, may say, we could not love God, *if we thought him a malevolent being*. IT IS HIS **GOODNESS WHICH MAKES US LOVE HIM**; and our love of God, cannot by any human effort, by any *self-abstraction* of Madame Guyon, or of archbishop Fenelon, be entirely separated from all notion of his goodness, or all consciousness of his benevolent character. The love of God, even when in its purest state, is the reflex sense of his goodness, operating on the mind and glowing in the heart.

Bossuet gave the name of fanaticism to the opinions of Fenelon on the subject of *quietism*; but Fenelon was no fanatic. His devotional sentiments were fervid; but the fervor was not that of an inflamed temperament, or an intolerant mind.

A controversy was excited between Bossuet and Fenelon, respecting the mystic reveries of Madame Guyon: in which, if Bossuet evinced more reason, it must at the same time be allowed that Fenelon shewed more charity. A difference of opinion had subsisted for three years between these two great luminaries of the catholic church, before it was known to Louis XIV; when Bossuet approached the throne to reveal what he termed the *fanaticism* of his colleague. A general clamour was now raised against the archbishop of Cambrai, and he was forsaken by some of his former admirers and eulogists, when the current of courtly colloquy set in against his reputation.

On the 1st of August, 1697, Fenelon was ordered by Louis XIV. to leave Versailles and to retire to his diocese, which he was commanded not to quit. At this period, when Fenelon was deserted by Madame de Maintenon, and abandoned by many, who were formerly eager in paying their homage to his situation, as a species of heretic with whom it was a sort of pollution to converse, it is pleasing to contemplate his pupil, the once untoward and unamiable duke of Burgundy, stepping forward to testify his respect and tenderness for the preceptor who had imbued his mind with knowledge, and his heart with virtue.

'As soon,' says Bausset, 'as the duke of Burgundy was informed of the exile of his preceptor, he hastened to throw himself at the feet of the king, his grandfather, and, with the tender sensibility of a youthful and virtuous heart, he offered, as a proof of the doctrine of the master the purity of the maxims which

had been instilled into the pupil. Louis XIV. was touched by this generous and ingenuous attachment; but, invariably attentive to that principle of truth and justice which swayed him, he replied, "my son, I have it not in my power to make this a matter of favour: the purity of faith is concerned in it, and the bishop of Meaux knows more on that subject than either you or I." However, notwithstanding all the prejudice that had been excited in his mind, he granted, to the tears of the duke of Burgundy, that Fenelon should retain his title of preceptor.

Fenelon was not suffered to enjoy much repose in his retreat. Bossuet published his celebrated attack, entitled *Relation sur la Quietisme*, in 1698; in which his polemical zeal carried him greatly beyond the bounds of episcopal decorum and of christian moderation. The work, however, made a great impression on the public mind, and very unfavourable to Fenelon, though the effect was considerably abated by his eloquent reply. But the antagonists of Fenelon had become so exasperated and malignant in the progress of the controversy, that some of them were anxious to extirpate his errors by other methods than those of logical confutation. The spirit with which they were animated, will be evident from the following extract of a letter from the abbé Bossuet to his uncle the bishop of Meaux.

"He," meaning Fenelon, "is a ferocious beast, who must be hunted for the honour of the episcopacy and of truth, until he is subdued and incapacitated from doing further harm. Did not St. Augustine pursue Julian *even to death*? The church must be delivered from the greatest enemy it ever had. I conscientiously believe, that neither the bishops, nor even the king, can suffer the archbishop of Cambrai to remain quiet."

In January, 1699, Louis ordered the

'List of the persons belonging to the household of the young princes to be brought to him; and he erased, with his own hand, the name of the archbishop of Cambrai as preceptor. At the same time he was deprived of the apartments, which, in quality of that office, he had in the palace.'

Such is the pitiful resentment of monarchs, when they usurp the office, or imbibe the prejudices of polemics!

After much procrastination and many excuses and demonstrations of unfeigned reluctance, pope Innocent XII. was induced by the intreaties of the court of France, and the importunities of Bossuet and his friends, to condemn the work which Fenelon had written on *Quietism*, in his '*Explication des Maximes des Saints*.' Fenelon, on this occa-

sion, evinced the most filial submission to the Roman see; for, in obedience to its censure, he published a declaration, in which he subscribed, in the most unqualified terms, to the condemnation of his own book, and forbade the sale, or the circulation of it in his diocese. This unconditional submission of the archbishop to the *successor of St. Peter*, probably prevented a great schism, which must otherwise have taken place in the gallican church, and which the splendid reputation of Fenelon for genius, for learning, and for probity, would, probably have rendered both extensive in its progress, and permanent in its influence.

The enemies of Fenelon now began to dread his return to court, and the ascendant which he was likely to obtain over the mind of Madame de Maintenon. But their fears were soon appeased by an unexpected circumstance, which added indeed a blaze of celebrity to the fame of Fenelon, but which irrevocably alienated him from the favour of Louis XIV.

Fenelon had employed one of his servants to copy the manuscript of his *Telemachus*. This person had taste enough to discern the beauties of the work, and not sufficient integrity to prevent him from making a surreptitious transcript of it without the knowledge of the archbishop. This transcript was secretly circulated in several families, and afterwards sold to the widow of Claude Barbin, who committed it to the press. But, before the first volume was completed, the work was discovered to be the composition of Fenelon. The sheets, which had been already worked off, were seized; and no effort was spared to efface every vestige of this beautiful production. Some copies, however, fortunately escaped the rapacious gripe of the police, with transcripts of that part of the work which had not been printed off. These were circulated with a mysterious secrecy, which increased the avidity for the perusal. One of these copies was fortunately obtained by Adrian Moëtgens, a bookseller at the Hague; who, in 1699, published the whole work in four volumes. These were devoured with such ravenous curiosity, that the press could hardly multiply the copies with sufficient celerity to gratify the republic of letters in France and in Europe.

Louis XIV. was highly incensed against the author of *Telemachus*, because he thought it a satire on the principles of his government and the measures of his reign. When this prepossession was once formed, it became an easy task for the malignant sagacity of his courtiers to detect numerous allusions to the court and ministers of Louis. Whatever truth there might be in this supposition, it is certain that the

maxims, which are inculcated in Telemachus, were but little in unison with those which Louis had followed in his political administration. Great part of the reign of this monarch had been only a dazzling pantomime; and the adversity which he experienced in a later period of life, though it checked the ambition of the conqueror, did not alter the maxims of the king.

The friends of Fenelon made some ineffectual attempts, after this period, to obtain permission for his return to the capital. But the resentment of Louis XIV. was too much excited by a supposed cause of offence to be readily appeased; though if we may believe Fenelon himself, he had not any intention to satirize Louis, or his court, in his political romance.

"As to Telemachus," says Fenelon, "it is wholly a fabulous narrative in the form of an heroic poem, like those of Homer and Virgil, in which I have represented the principal actions which are fit for the contemplation of a prince who is destined to reign. I wrote it at a time when I was delighted with the marks of confidence and kindness which the king displayed towards me, and I must have been the most ungrateful, as well as the weakest of mankind, to have attempted the satirical delineation of characters in it: the very thought of such a thing fills me with horror. It is true that I have mingled, with the adventures, all the necessary truths of governing, and all the faults which are likely to arise from sovereign power: but, I have not depicted any of these in such a manner as to represent any particular person or character. The more this work is perused, the more the reader will be convinced that I endeavoured to say all I could, but without exhibiting any person. The narration, in fact, was hastily put together, in detached portions, and written at different intervals: there would be much to correct, and besides, the printed copy is not accurately taken from my original. I preferred that it should appear disfigured and unformed, than to give it as *I wrote it*. My intention, in writing it, was merely to amuse the duke of Burgundy and to instruct him at the same time, without ever wishing to give the work to the public."

Fenelon, when he accepted the archbishopric of Cambrai, had stipulated for permission to reside there during nine months in the year; and he did not probably regard it as a very great hardship to be obliged to spend the rest of his time in the same situation. But the prohibition, which was associated with something like the sentiment of disgrace in the popular mind, must have been irksome to him, and probably rather abridged his sphere of doing good.

The following are a few traits, which we gather from this work, of the domestic life of this good archbishop. He dedicated only a few hours to sleep, and rose early: He performed mass every day in his chapel; and on Saturdays in the cathedral, when he officiated as a confessor to all who were desirous of receiving his ghostly consolation and advice. He dined at noon, according to the custom of his time; and kept a sumptuous table, suited to his rank and circumstances, at which he had an opportunity of showing both his hospitality and his temperance. Abstemiousness is not always the practice of ecclesiastics; but it was, in a peculiar manner, the characteristic of Fenelon. After dinner he conversed about an hour with his friends and relatives, or with the ecclesiastics of his diocese, when he retired to his study, where he remained till half past eight if the weather or the season of the year prevented him from walking, which was his favourite recreation. A little before ten all his domestics were assembled in his principal room, when one of his almoners read evening prayers; the archbishop pronounced his benediction; and the family retired to rest. One of his practices would not be thought very *episcopal* in our times, but it seems very much in unison with the character of the founder of christianity; and therefore may safely be recommended not only to our priests and deacons, our curates, vicars, and rectors, but to our bishops and archbishops. It is said that when Fenelon met any rustics in the course of his walks, he would interrogate them on the state of their affairs, and impart to them at once both solace and instruction. In prosecution of the same benevolent design, he often visited them in their cottages, when he would not refuse to sit down at table with the family and partake of their frugal meal. The memory of his virtues is said to be still preserved by tradition in the neighbourhood, where he lived and died; nor was its grateful fragrance dissipated even by the tempestuous fanaticism of the revolution.

During the sanguinary wars in the Netherlands, in the time of William III. and of Anne, the enemies of the French, respected the virtues of Fenelon; and gave him numerous marks of their veneration and esteem. They often offered him a military escort while he was traversing the scene of ravage and slaughter in the performance of his pastoral duties. The character of the good teacher was here admirably contrasted with the demon of ambition and of bloodshed; and it appeared in the most amiable point of view. The progress of the archbishop, instead of being tracked

with carnage, and followed by maledictions, was marked by acts of beneficence, and attended by the blessing of the widow and the orphan.

Fenelon possessed the faculty of accommodating his discourses to the capacities of those with whom he conversed; and, what is one of the sure marks of a really elevated mind, he never delighted in exciting in others a painful feeling of inferiority. Hence he shewed a modest respect for the prejudices of others; and he conciliated obedience by the tenderness of persuasion, rather than enforced it by the rigour of authority. But, while the benign disposition of Fenelon was without blame, and could accommodate itself to the infirmities of his contemporaries, yet nothing could induce him to swerve from what he deemed the principles of justice and of truth.

The following extract, which Fenelon communicated through the duke de Beauvilliers to the duke of Burgundy, when he was sent to take the command of the army in Germany, in 1708, will prove at once his piety, his good sense, and his knowledge of the world.

"When the duke of Burgundy is with the army," said Fenelon, "he will be right in suffering no excess of drinking at his table; but, it will become him to continue the same protracted sitting at table, and that freedom of discourse during the repast, which were so grateful to the officers in the last campaign. It will be well also to preserve the same affability during the other hours of conversation. The natural excuse of retiring, in order to write to the court, will always furnish him with opportunities of seclusion, which may be devoted to more weighty matters. If there should be any laxity of morals in the army, he may issue general orders to repress it, and which may be rigorously enforced; but he must not descend to trifles, for they would accuse him of being scrupulously rigid and minutely austere: he should even direct his orders towards military discipline, which needs that firmness. He must not alarm the marshal de Villeroy, who is a social, gay, and ceremonious man. He may testify esteem, friendship, and even confidence and predilection towards him; by those means he will familiarize him with his cheerful and convivial piety, and it will also induce him to render those familiar with it over whom he has influence. Finally, I entreat you to forget nothing which may contribute towards making our young prince careful of his health, and not too prodigal of useless labours in the army: let him eat and sleep well; and may he always walk in the presence of God with the peace of a good conscience."

The duke of Burgundy, who appears never to have forgotten the early lessons of Fenelon, did not neglect the whole-

some counsels of the good archbishop. The heir to the throne could not be induced by any considerations to abandon the tutor whose unintermitted pains and discreet discipline had corrected the many errors of his youth, and formed a good and a wise character out of the worst and most discordant elements. The advice which Fenelon gave the duke of Burgundy in several letters, which are contained in this work; evince in the most indubitable manner, his affection for the pupil, his disinterested love of truth, and his zealous regard for the public weal which was so immediately involved in the conduct of the prince. But in February, 1712, all the hopes of Fenelon were blasted by the premature death of the royal youth, over whose moral culture he had watched for with such tender and unceasing care. When Fenelon heard that the duke of Burgundy was no more, he exclaimed in the agony of his soul, 'every tie is snapped asunder, nothing now holds me to the earth.'

After the death of the duke of Burgundy, Madame de Maintenon truly said in a letter to the duke de Beauvilliers, that if the deceased prince had some faults, '*they did not arise from timid admonitions, or from being too much flattered.*' A higher eulogy could hardly have been bestowed on Fenelon; and we wish, most heartily wish, that it were more generally merited by the tutors of princes and of kings. Had the duke of Burgundy lived to ascend the throne, it is probable that he would have introduced some most beneficial reforms into the political constitution of France which had been suggested by Fenelon; and which would have prevented that wide wasting and most calamitous revolution, which the neglect of a *timely* correction of public abuses afterwards engendered; and of which all Europe has now long felt, and will probably, for another twenty years, continue to feel, the destructive operations.

At the end of the second volume of this work, we have a plan of the political reform in the French government, which Fenelon had meditated, and which the duke of Burgundy, if he had lived, would probably have carried into execution. In this scheme the archbishop recommends a reduction of the military establishment, accompanied with various regulations, which would at all times have secured a most respectable military force; a considerable retrenchment in the expenditure of the court; the practice of the most rigid economy, consistent with the public utility; the abolition of all oppressive and arbitrary taxation; the establishment of THE STATES GENERAL, to be assembled every three years; and

no deputy to receive any 'advancement from the king before his office of deputy has expired three years.'

Such are some of the reforms which the wisdom and the virtue of a catholic prelate suggested to the notice of the duke of Burgundy. But the untimely death of this prince blasted the hopes of Fenelon and of the nation. No wise plan of reformation was attempted in the regency of the duke of Orleans, nor in the reign of Louis XV.; and, when Louis XVI. towards the close of his reign, endeavoured to introduce some salutary reforms in the administration, the abuses had been accumulated too much to be removed without the whirlwind of a revolution. **TIMELY REFORM** is the great secret for the preservation of states. Why will the British government be unmindful of this certain truth?

We must now hasten to the conclusion of this article. Fenelon died on the seventh of January, 1715, at the age of sixty-four years and five months. We cannot much applaud this biographical performance of M. L. F. de Bausset. It is very diffuse, and often dull. If the author had compressed his materials into half the compass, his work would have been read with more interest. The object of his narrative is too often lost sight of in a multiplicity of extraneous details. The character of the translation may be appreciated from the extracts which we have made.

ART. III.—*The Sabine Farm, a Poem; into which is interwoven a series of Translations chiefly, descriptive of the Villa and Life of Horace, occasioned by an excursion from Rome to Licenza. By Robert Bradstreet, Esq. A. M.* Mawman, 1810. 8vo. 240 pp.

THIS production may safely be classed among the most *gentlemanly* poems of the day; every page affording evidence equally to the author's elegance of mind and to his indolence of habit, presenting not a single trace of any thing that resembles laborious study or profound reflection, but many of an agreeable fancy, and an easy familiarity with the best models of ancient and modern poetry. In the year 1795, Mr. Bradstreet made an excursion from Rome to Licenza, near which is the acknowledged site of Horace's *Sabino Farm*; and of this his 'poetical pilgrimage,' he wrote at the time a description in a letter to a friend; from which, aided by recollection, the present poem was afterwards composed. The original letter itself is here published by way of intro-

duction, with this good effect, that as the reader feels that it presents him with the impressions made by real scenery on the mind of the writer, so upon comparison with the succeeding verses, finding that they are but the poetical expression of similar images and sensations, he is satisfied that truth, and not fancy, guided the author in his later delineation.

The tour which he describes in this letter, and the course of which is equally followed in the poem, comprizes the scenery of Tivoli, the villa Hadriana, Vicovara (the ancient Varia), Bardella (the Mandela of Horace), the Rocca Giovina (his Fanum Vacunæ), and Licenza, the Digentia of the Romans. The latter is the name both of a town and of the river which runs through it. It also gives its appellation to the surrounding vale.

The principal object of the poem, next to the mere description of the scenery which this delightful excursion presented, is stated by the author to have been the collecting together all the scattered passages of Horace's works which relate to his Sabine Farm in particular, and in general to his own life and character, in such a manner as to give a connected account of the poet in his own words—and to add such descriptions and reflections as were suggested by the tour itself, and judged proper either to introduce or connect the translations.

' Not from the wealth of Rome her smoke and noise,
For these no more earth's fallen queen enjoys
But from the miracles of art that rise
Endless to tempt, and tire the dazzled eyes,
From glittering shows, and conversations gay
A never ceasing round—I steal away
To where ' behind Vacuna's mould'ring fane'
The Sabine poet pour'd his moral strain
And, in the very shades where *he* retir'd,
Echo th' immortal verse they once inspir'd :
Nor pass, unsung, each interesting scene,
Whose ruins mark the classick ground between.'

——— ' 'Twas *here*, e'en *here*, the wide Tiburtine way,
'Mid heroes' tombs, through arcs of triumph lay ;
Still fancy views the nations swarm along
Through the proud city-gates, a vast and various throng!
Some guide the wheel, some, flying steeds control
Some in luxurious litters idly roll :
Part seek the town, and part the cooling rills
That winding trickle round yon airy hills :
While in the pomp of peace, or pride of war,
Rome's laurell'd chiefs adorn the trophied car ;

And monarch-slaves their various tribute bring
To swell the triumph of the people-king.
How chang'd the scene!—where'er I turn my eye,
The very ruins, whelm'd in ruin lie!
Save where, fit archetype of mortal change
The tombs' huge fragment, or the broken range
Of some far-stretching aqueduct remain
The 'sad historians' of the Roman plain:
Athwart whose widely desolated span
"Lies at full length the nothingness of man."

The last line is acknowledged in a note to be borrowed, (and we think it safe to add that it is improved) from de Lille.

'Ou, dans tout son etendu, git le neant de l'homme.' Tivoli, and the celebrated villa of Mæcenas, give occasion (as it is meet they should) to some very pleasing verses and a great deal of true poetical reflection.

———— The olive shade
Where once Catullus and Propertius stray'd;
———— the wild and rocky glen
That lured Vopiscus* from the haunts of men—
———— Where beauty roved,
Till her tomb sadden'd the sweet shades she loved;
Breathed for whose loss, Propertius' tuneful sighs
Still murmur, "here the golden Cynthia lies."†
Where Planus‡ stole, from camps with banners bright
To thick-wrought groves unpierced by garish light;
Where "the world's great master"
——oft from his brows unbound the glittering care,
And left the tasteless splendours of a throne
To call one safe, Elysian hour his own.

Where

———— ere Rome degenerate, base, and vain,
Kiss'd ev'n a virtuous despot's silken chain;
The last of Romans, truly Roman, plann'd,
Recover'd freedom for his native land;
For here, on her loved Brutus' patriot eye
Shone the fair, awful form of liberty.

Surely 'that man is little to be envied,' not only who can behold, but who can read or hear of such scenes as these, without enthusiasm.

* Statius Sylv. Lib. I. E. 3.

† Hic Tiburtinâ jacet aurea Cynthia terra: Bl. IV. 690.

‡ Hor. L. I. Od. 9.

But we must hasten to accompany Horace himself to his own Sabine farm, and open his own sacred volume,

‘ Whose faithful verse,
Will kindly, frankly, as himself converse;
Will show, in all its many-colour’d strife,
His various talents; and his varied life.
On pulse now supping in his Sabine grove;
Now quaffing nectar with “Rome’s earthly Jove.”
Now, prompt to make keen satire smile; now, blend
Th’ accomplish’d critic with the polish’d friend;
Now bidding friendship, love, or virtue, fire
The breathings of his grace-attemper’d lyre.’

After an introduction somewhat too abrupt and rather prosaic, Mr. Bradstreet gives us the 16th epistle of the first book in the following language:

‘ Lest you should ask dear *Quintius*! does the soil
With corn support you, or enrich with oil,
With fruits, or meads, or vine-clad elms? the verse
Loquacious, shall its form and site rehearse.
Uninterrupted mountains fill the scene,
Save where a shady valley sinks between:
Whose right the beam of rising *Phœbus* feels;
Whose left is warm’d by his declining wheels.
You needs must praise the climate; what if there
Each bush, wild plums, and ruddy cornels bear?
If oaks; and holm oaks, grateful to the sight
The herd with food, their lord with shade delight?
So leafy is the scene, that you might swear
Tarentum’s self, with all its groves were there.
A spring, whose name might well a river grace,
(More cool and pure, not *Hebrus* circles *Thrace*)
To head-ach and digestion useful flows;
Such my lov’d seat of leisure and repose,
Whose sweet, nay trust me, ev’n delicious bowers,
Yield health a shelter in September hours.’

The limits of a review will not admit, nor (if they were much more extensive) would it be fair to the author to lengthen our quotations, or follow the outline of his plan minutely, through the whole poem. We have already said enough to discover the general design, and our extracts have been sufficient by way of specimen of the manner in which it is executed. Mr. Bradstreet’s poetry must be admitted to be often extremely incorrect and slovenly; but it is in general very pleasing, and even if it were less so, it would be impossible to read his poem without delight, on account of the recollections which it excites, and the simple artifice by which all

the opinions and sentiments and expressions of the noblest of ancient poets, are brought together in one point of view before the eye of the reader.

" Here then, refresh'd by cool Digentia's rill,
What is my prayer? that Heaven would grant me still,
To keep the present good, nay even less :
But to myself, my life, or long, or short, possess
A moderate store of books and wealth to save
Lest Hope float doubtful, a dependent slave
Upon the passing hour---enough, to pray
For these to Jove, who gives and takes away.
Let him give life, and health ; myself will find
That first of blessings, a contented mind !
Yet grant me Phœbus! with that mind entire
Age not unhonour'd, nor without the lyre."

' Thus sang the bard, by the sweet stream that still
Leaps from the rocky bosom of the hill,
O'er canopied with oaks, whose branching green
Scarce the bright eye of noon, can pierce between ;
Most worthy of his muse ! who could not sing,
A cooler, purer, or a shadier spring !'

An appendix is subjoined to the poem, consisting of Miscellaneous translations, under four heads :

1. The ninth Satire. Book 1.
2. Translations from Horace, describing his father's care of his education, and his private life at home.
3. The Tiburtine villa of Vopiscus—from Statius.
4. Miscellaneous odes from Horace.

With respect to the last of these divisions it is necessary for us to say something. Mr. Bradstreet has been advised by some friends to give ' an entire translation of Horace to the public ;' and the odes which are here given are meant as a specimen of the manner in which the rest may be expected to be performed in case the task should ever be seriously engaged in. Very candidly, therefore, and modestly, he confesses his own incapacity of determining how far his abilities may be equal to the undertaking, and requires the judgment of others previous to embarking on an enterprize which must unavoidably consume a great deal of time, and a failure in which ought on all accounts to be deprecated.

To treat Mr. Bradstreet with the sincerity which he deserves, and with which we are convinced he is a man of much too good sense to be hurt or offended, we shall make no scruple of answering in the negative (as far as our own opinion can determine it) his question ; ' whether a new translation

of Horace, executed throughout in the same manner with the specimens contained in this work, would or would not be an acceptable offering to the public.'

Should our frankness for a moment be misunderstood, it will perhaps save us from all possibility of a construction which we wish to avoid when we avow that a complete and uniform translation of the odes of Horace is what we are convinced will never be executed so as to satisfy the least fastidious of critics. Many of his finest odes have already been rendered with as much poetical felicity as translation is capable of; and whoever will take the trouble of collecting together all those which are scattered about in the loose periodical publications, as well as the more regular works of the last two centuries, and afterwards selecting from the mass the most worthy of preservation, will, we have no doubt, make 'a more acceptable offering to the public,' than there is the least probability of his presenting under the form of an entire new translation.

Mr. Bradstreet is conscious of those peculiarities in his translations from the epistles and satires which we have discovered, not only in those parts of his poem, but in the original passages also, and have ventured to reprehend under the terms of 'incorrect and slovenly;' these, however, he says, '(if faults) are faults which he flatters himself might be amended (to a certain degree) without difficulty.' Of this we entertain no doubt, and only hope that the opinion we have expressed concerning them, may induce Mr. B. to attempt the amendment. But, he proceeds, 'the odes appear to him to present a difficulty of a much more arduous nature. That 'curiosa felicitas,' that extreme elegance and propriety of diction which is the combined result of art and genius, and the most distinguishing characteristic of Horace as a lyric poet; it is perhaps impossible to transpose into any other language.' This is most true indeed; and it is the very consideration on which we have founded our decided opinion, that however much may be effected by a combination of the most happy efforts towards a translation, nothing, or worse than nothing, will be done by one who undertakes the hopeless task of an entire version. But in what follows we think Mr. B. is greatly mistaken. Observing the variety of Horace's metres, he thinks that an equal variety should be attempted in a translation. But he forgets that the 'curiosa felicitas,' which constitutes the despair of all modest imitators is the result of an ease of diction unexampled in any other poet ancient or modern, an ease which is wholly inconsistent with experiments in versification, and requiring on the

contrary, the most perfect freedom of language which an unrestrained and well-accustomed metre will allow. The metres of Horace, though various, were all sanctioned by poetical usage: but the praise of writing such an ode as the following, is similar to that of dancing a hornpipe in fetters:

To Xanthius Phoeus.

- Phoeus! to love thy servant Phillis
Blush not, the slave of snowy hue,
Briseïs, charm'd (to love yet new)
The fierce Achilles!
- Great Telamonian Ajax turn'd
A slave to chain'd Tecmessa's charms,
For the rapt maid, in triumph's arms
Atrides burn'd.—
- When by Pelides conquer'd lay,
Troy's barbarous bands of Hector rest,
And Troy to weary Greece was left
A lighter prey.
- Perchance, with parent's rich and great,
Thy fair-hair'd bride thy house may grace,
For doubtless, royal was her race,
Unjust her fate.
- She was not chosen (rest secure)
From the base vulgar: such high scorn
Of gain, such faith, could ne'er be born
Of one impure.
- Safe I her face, her arms approve,
Her taper leg—knit not thy brow;
For I have doubled twenty now,
And laugh at love!

Ode 14, Book II. p. 233.

The above is neither the best, nor the worst, of the eleven specimens which Mr. Bradstreet has here offered. The third of the first Book is, perhaps, the most favourable upon the whole; and the variety of the metre is less uncommon; though the mere double termination of the alternate verses would please us better almost any where than in a translation of Horace; where it is essential to have the most perfect harmony of numbers and grace of language, without a single peculiarity that should draw off the attention for a moment,

even to inquire what is the name of the stanza, or what the measure of the verse.

We must mention the etchings which accompany the volume. They are six in number, and are in general well calculated to illustrate the poetical description; but like the verses themselves, they are much too gentlemanly and careless.

ART. IV.—*On the Revival of the Cause of Reform in the Representation of the Commons in Parliament. By Capel Lofft, Esq. Barrister at Law. The second Edition, with Additions. London, Bone & Hone, 1810, pp. 37.*

MR. LOFFT has long been known as a zealous advocate of parliamentary reform. He has supported this measure with praise-worthy constancy, from a very early period of life to the present day. None of the great political changes, which have taken place in the intermediate time, have made any change in his opinions. He seems rather to think that this important measure is more requisite now, than it was twenty years ago, when so many statesmen of the greatest ability and respectability in the country, esteemed it necessary to check the increasing influence of the crown, and the growing corruption of the government.

Mr. Pitt, in April 1785, very justly stated in a speech, to which Mr. Lofft has referred, that our representation had, from very early times, changed with the change of circumstances; that this was absolutely necessary to accommodate it to the uses for which it was designed; and that the elective franchise was not to be considered merely as a property, of the Body, or the Individual possessing it; but as A TRUST FOR THE PUBLIC. These remarks are highly important, and contain much matter for serious reflection. Any change, which may hereafter be made in the representation, must not be regarded as an anomaly in the practice of the constitution, but a conformity to ancient usage. In ancient times a borough ceased to send representatives as it became depopulated, and the right was transferred to more flourishing towns. This must have been the practice when the representatives received a certain salary for their services from their constituents; for a depopulated town or borough could not support the charge. And, if the elective franchise be a trust for the public benefit, the right of altering the tenure, or qualifying the practice, or extending the enjoyment, must be

inherent in those, from whom it was originally derived, and for whose good it is always supposed to be exercised.

Some of our reformers would wish strictly to enforce that clause in the *Bill of Succession*, which enacted, that no person holding 'an office, or place of profit, or pension from the crown, should be capable of serving in the House of Commons.' But, Mr. Lofft argues, and we think with force, that persons 'holding necessary and high, and honourable offices under government,' ought not to be restrained from sitting and voting in parliament. Why should *ministers of the state* be disqualified for representatives of the people? If the people choose to delegate that trust to the ministers of the crown, is it not (supposing a more free and full representation) a proof that they deserve it, and that they will at once study to promote both the interest of the crown and of the people, which, in a constitutional sense, can never be considered as distinct? To exclude the ministers of the crown entirely, and without any exception from the House of Commons, would be more likely to render them only the pliant and servile instruments of the sovereign, and prevent them from imbibing any portion of that generous sentiment of liberty, which must always, more or less, actuate a council of national representatives. If the ministers of the crown are not, at the same time, representatives of the people, are they not more likely to regard the good of the sovereign as opposite to the national good? If the House of Commons were so chosen, as to reflect a full and fair image of the property and the intellect of the country, every man would consider himself as placed in the midst of a highly dignified tribunal, where his sentiments and his conduct would be subject to a most vigilant and enlightened scrutiny. Must it not be for the national good to have the ministers of the crown constantly present in such an assembly? To us, indeed, it appears that some at least of those, who hold high and important offices in the government, and who are constitutionally considered as the responsible advisers of the crown, instead of being excluded from the House of Commons, ought rather to forfeit their ministerial appointments, when their constituents think them unworthy of being reelected to a seat in that house. With respect to the lower placemen and mere pensioners, we do not see any danger likely to result from admitting even them into the representation, provided that when they become candidates for that honour, it should be distinctly stipulated that, if they were not elected, they should lose the places and pensions which they held. Those placemen and pensioners, who, in such circumstances, became

objects of the popular choice, must be regarded as having passed a rigid ordeal, and of being approved as worthy of the emoluments which they enjoyed. A man might be pensioned for his transcendent, literary, or scientific attainments; but ought this pension to disqualify him for a seat in the legislature, if any town, city, or county should think him worthy of their choice? Here the pension instead of being a proof of demerit, would serve as a criterion of excellence. Such pensioners might, in fact, be more worthy of legislative functions, than the whole mass of the unpensioned community besides. Under a wise government, and a patriot king, such men, as Milton, Locke, Adam Smith, Hume, or Hartley, would probably receive pensions from the munificence of the crown, but would these marks even of royal favour render such men unfit to serve their country in the capacity of legislators?

Mr. Lofft is a friend to parliaments of the shortest constitutional duration. *Triennial parliaments* seem to us altogether the fittest period. This allows time for the members to become fully versed in the forms and business of parliament, and for a *probation* of their conduct on the important questions which may occur in the interval. Those individuals who acted wisely and uprightly, would be almost sure of being reelected in a reformed plan of representation; and those, who acted corruptly or foolishly, could not remain long enough to do any considerable mischief.

Mr. Lofft makes some sensible remarks on the *qualification* for members of the *House of Commons*.

'At present,' says he, 'that qualification is a loose and broken net, which lets every thing through which it was meant to exclude. But I know not if it would be at all better if it were otherwise. I see no good in a *tariff* of independence. I see not that a great estate exempts a man from corruption; or that a small one subjects to corruption such men as the suffrages of their countrymen would be likely, if there were a full and equal representation, to place in parliament. Men of considerable landed property, if otherwise worthy of public confidence, I can see no reason for suspecting would cease to be sent to parliament in at least as large a proportion as they now are. Their education, their general habits of life, their honest and public weight in the country, would all secure it.'

'There were no qualifications of property till 9 Ann, c. v. which requires 300*l.* per annum, clear of reprises, for a borough; and 600*l.* for a county. I believe with others, that the reason why we are little sensible of the mischief of this Act is the *non-execution* of it. Were it executed we should be still farther than at present from a *popular* representation. And as it was passed

in 1710, if it be good for any thing it must be raised and enforced. It could not then be less than a clear 1200*l.* for cities and boroughs, and 2,400*l.* for counties; or 1800*l.* on a medium for all. I am firmly persuaded it would be better to repeal this Act, and the oath of qualification founded on it, as both useless and pernicious. There is a saving in favour of the eldest sons of peers, and of persons qualified to serve as knights of a shire, and to the two Universities. And were it not for this saving, and were the Act accommodated to the present value of money, and strictly enforced, I strongly apprehend that the effect of it would be, even on the event of reform, that there should be hardly 50, and scarcely by any possibility 100, truly well qualified and virtuously popular members of the house of commons. *Rarus enim sensus communis in illa Fortuna*: very great incomes have not very often a common feeling, a sympathy, with the mass of the people. I would wish and there would be on reform considerable landed property in the house of commons: but not as a condition more indispensable for being there than any talents or any virtues; a condition that ought not to exist to be evaded; and which would very detrimentally exist if generally and in its spirit observed.

We entirely agree with Mr. Lofft in reprobating the mode of election by ballot. Election by ballot may be preferable to a more open mode of proceeding in particular cases, as in the constitution of a social club, &c. but in the choice of the national representative, the want of publicity appears to us, as it does to Mr. Lofft, an insuperable objection. It tends to stifle all generous sentiment, all that enthusiastic preference of the good to the bad, and of the wise to the foolish, without which the flame of liberty will soon expire. The lurking secrecy of voting by ballot, has something in it totally opposite to every idea of public spirit; and evinces a sort of cowardly apprehension of offending individuals, which is unbecoming a great and virtuous people. That man is totally unworthy of exercising the elective franchise, who is restrained by any mean and sordid considerations, from openly naming the individual whom he judges more fit than another, for a place in the national council.

Mr. Lofft thinks that we have no cause to despair of parliamentary reform. We confess that we see but little room for hope.—When did a corrupt body ever reform itself? It may, indeed, be thought that public opinion will ere long triumph over corruption; but if corruption keep increasing, as it has done within the last twenty years, is it not more likely to triumph over Public Opinion, and to smother even public liberty itself in the abyss of Influence? But, whatever probability there may be of such a catastrophe, we wish

to impress on the advocates, we mean not the noisy and wicked, and foolish, but the calm, the upright, and the enlightened advocates, of an EQUITABLE REFORM in the house of commons, that even *such a reform* is not likely to be soon produced. It is opposed by a numerous and mighty host, many of whom have prejudices, and almost all of whom have interests, that will not readily yield to persuasion nor to argument.

But, if reform be produced by any other means than those of persuasion, and of argument, it must be fugitive and short-lived. *Physical force* never yet cured the maladies of states. In the horrors of a revolutionary crisis, the good and the evil, the reformers and the anti-reformers, would probably be confounded in the common ruin; and enterprising and unprincipled profligates would alone bear the sway. In such a complicated body, as a state, Reason must prepare the way for any *salutary change*; but Reason, which disclaims the weapons of war and bloodshed, can work its full effects only in a period of peace, when men may be made wise by reflection, and even the corrupt and the vicious taught that their *real interest* is identified with the very reform which they dread. But how is the voice of Reason to be heard in the tempest of all the bad passions which can agitate the human heart?

The only *safe* instrument of reform in this country is THE PRESS; and the only subject on which the press can operate is the *rational part* of the community. But, how many years must elapse before this great engine of conviction can effect any *salutary change* in the minds of the numerous individuals, who are interested in the present corrupt system of representation, and teach them that their *real and permanent good* is connected with its destruction? The abolition of the slave trade took at least twenty years to accomplish, though it was so energetically advocated by public opinion, and by religionists of every party, who are always zealous in any cause which they sincerely espouse, by provincial meetings and the great corporate bodies, by the enlightened and the ignorant, by the hierarchy, and a mass of sectaries, and finally, though the prime minister afforded it, at least, his professed and nominal support. But, notwithstanding this, the private interests of no great number of individuals, combined with the prejudices of more, who were obdurately hostile to any innovation, even in favour of humanity, prevailed for such a number of years to prevent the abandonment of a traffic, which is one of the foulest blots in the annals of civilized man!

The great measure of reform in parliament, though it seems essential to the vital interests of the state, is certainly, at present, much less the object of the general wish, or of all sects and parties, than the abolition of the slave trade. The question of parliamentary reform is not sanctioned by the unanimous voice of popular opinion; it is adverse to the interests, and consequently the sentiments, of the great mass of the corporate bodies in the kingdom; it is very generally opposed by the ancient and the more modern aristocracy, by most of the great properties, and lastly, is it probable that we shall soon have a sovereign, who will cheerfully give his support to the measure; or who will discern in its execution the honour and the stability of his throne?

If such be the barrier, which the advocates for parliamentary reform have to surmount, and the difficulties which they have to overcome, and if reason be the only instrument which they can advantageously employ for the removal of the mountains in their way, who can, without being inconsiderately sanguine, calculate on its *speedy* accomplishment? If the abolition of the traffic in slaves could not be effected by the wishes and the efforts of the nation in less than twenty years, is the abolition of parliamentary corruption likely to be accomplished by the zeal of a comparatively small number of individuals in so short a period? Must not two or three generations perish before the policy of the measure shall become so universally apparent, and be so generally approved, as to bear down all opposition; and to reconcile even the government itself to its adoption?

Reformers are usually persons of a sanguine temperament, which induces them to overlook, or to undervalue the obstacles that oppose the completion of their designs. But the obstacles themselves cannot be dissipated in air by the temerity of their confidence; and hence, when, descending from the glowing visions of theory, to the slow and difficult toil of practical effort, they find a gate of brass, or a rock of adamant, opposing their progress, at every step, they are apt to despond and relinquish the attempt, as a task which requires more than the strength of Hercules to commence, and more than the years of Nestor to bring to a conclusion.

Mr. Fox, whose memory has been so often reviled by certain politicians, though it ought for ever to be embalmed in the fondest affections of Englishmen, seems to have had very just conceptions of the accumulated difficulties, in the way of parliamentary reform, and it was his constant opinion that the measure could never be accomplished without the concurrence of the great families, and the large properties in the

country. But the ancient nobles and the great landholder must be convinced of the *safety* and the *expediency* of the measure, not by the clamours of political visionaries or fanatics, but by calm addresses to their reason, and a luminous exposition of their interest.

We were much pleased with the respectful and affectionate manner, in which Mr. Lofft has spoken of the late Charles James Fox. The foul-mouthed politicians of a certain egotistical and selfish cabal, have often asked with their characteristic effrontery, what Mr. Fox did for his country while he was in office. We answer, that he did more for his country during the few short weeks in which he was in power, than Mr. Pitt had done in a long administration of as many years. By the resolve of the house of commons, of June 10, 1806, which he moved, and which he supported *with all his mind and all his heart*, he laid the axe to the root of that detestable traffic in human blood, which his colleagues lived to cut down, but of which he, unfortunately for Britain and for mankind, was not permitted to see the accomplishment.

'I do not wish man,' says Mr. Lofft, in language which it gives us pleasure to quote, 'immoderately to revere his fellow man, however amiable, wise, and excellent. But *that* virtue upon which death has set the seal, is consecrated to a just and rational respect. Those who immediately forget or change their sentiments toward the illustrious *Dead*, can be expected to have little steadiness of attachment to the worth which is not yet removed from us.

'Mr. Fox died, as he had lived, in the service of his country, and of mankind. He died, I have no doubt, many months, at least, the earlier for his last devotion of himself to that service. When I consider that he last came into office under the languor of a fatal and hopeless illness, that he lived only about seven months after, and cannot be said to have been effectively in office, except in one or two great emergencies, more than five of that time—that in this short period, by personally standing forth and exerting the last energies of his great and generous mind for a great object of justice and humanity (indeed one of the greatest) he carried it, regardless of all personal and official discouragements, of all cabinet division, and party influence, and parliamentary interest against it; I think and feel what I said last night, that we ought to cherish the Memory of CHARLES JAMES FOX, (Honourable or Right Honourable, or any difference of titles vanishes when placed in the balance with his name) that we ought indeed to cherish the memory of CHARLES JAMES FOX whenever we meet for parliamentary reform, or for any great public object:—not because he was the head of a party; for I know of no parties in the grave: but because he was the friend of his country; of the pure and free prin-

ciples of the constitution; the friend of reform in parliament, in and out of power; the friend of the peace, liberty, and happiness of mankind. He had by carrying the Resolve for the *Abolition of the Slave Trade* carried in effect the abolition itself. He had done in so few months what his distinguished rival, wielding all the powers of parliament and of the empire for more than twenty years, had ceased even to attempt long before his death. He had carried to a highly promising degree of progress, a negotiation for peace, commenced from personal respect to an unaffected instance of his habitual benevolence, and abhorrence of treachery and cruelty; a negotiation of peace in the spirit of peace and candour, and which, consulting the honour and interests of all parties, had a probability, after such experience of war by all, of being slighted by none. I cannot, therefore, ever admit that Mr. Fox had not done, in his short and precarious power, much, indeed, of what he had promised out of power.

ART. V.—*A Narrative of a three Years' Residence in France, principally in the Southern Departments, from the Year 1802 to 1805: including some authentic Particulars respecting the early Life of the French Emperor, and a general Inquiry into his Character.* By Anne Plumptree. London, Mawman, 1810, 3 vols. 8vo.

IN a sensible preface the fair authoress relates the origin of the present work, and the opportunities for obtaining information, which she enjoyed, and which few English travellers, who have written on the present state of France, appear to have possessed.

In travelling from Calais to the capital of the *Great Nation*, Miss Plumptree informs us that, whenever her carriage stopped, it was surrounded by a swarm of ragged mendicants. A more superficial observer would have immediately concluded, that these clamorous beggars were the progeny of the revolution; but the evil has long been prevalent in France, though the authoress says that it is now confined to the northern provinces, and that, south of Paris, no beggars assailed her ears with their importunate cries.

Miss Plumptree passed eight months at Paris, which she seems to have thought too short to be able correctly to appreciate the varied prodigies of ancient art, which the victorious legions of revolutionary France have collected in the museum of the Louvre. Some objects in this vast assemblage of rarities, struck her as singularly beautiful, which have been passed over without any note of admiration by other writers. Among these she mentions the statue of Diana in the Hall of the Seasons.

Among the pictures in the long gallery, our traveller notices that of the Unjust Judge, who was flayed alive by order of Cambyzes, which causes her to make a very just reflection on the bad effect produced on the mind and heart by the representation of barbarous punishments. The frequent contemplation of such sights has a tendency to render the disposition inhuman, and to generate a cold insensibility to the pains of sentient beings. Miss P. thinks, and the observation is very creditable to her sagacity, that some of the savage cruelties which were perpetrated during the revolution, owed their origin to the *turn of mind*, which was produced by the horrid executions, to which the people were accustomed under the *ancient régime*.

'When we read,' says Miss Plumtree, 'a description of the punishment of being broken on the wheel, and think that sights like these were attended by all ranks and degrees of persons in France; that the rich and the poor, the high and the low, men, women, and children, all thronged to see them. Can we be surprized, that rendered callous to scenes so detestable, the people should run into all kinds of excesses, the moment that the fetters, by which they had been restrained, were broken.'

We are of opinion, that all punishments which exceed the measure of equity, (which largely considered, will be found equivalent to humanity,) in the degree of their severity, instead of exerting any salutary moral influence on the heart, tend to vitiate and debase the sentiments and the affections of the spectator. We will not say that capital punishments are not justifiable in some cases of murder, but we believe that, in most instances, such punishments, instead of preventing murders, rather tend to diminish the repugnance to the crime. We think this capable of proof by a chain of argument, which it would not be easy to dissolve. How much indebted then is this country to the truly philanthropic Sir Samuel Romilly, for his strenuous, though hitherto unsuccessful efforts, to remove the dreadful punishment of death from some petty crimes!

We shall not enumerate the details of our authoress respecting the numerous objects of curiosity, which are found in the French capital, as they have been often described; but we shall select one or two incidental remarks, which characterize the manners and genius of the people. In speaking of the French stage, Miss P. says that the representation of a dying scene is not permitted in their regular pieces; and that, in adapting some of our English tragedies to their theatre, they either entirely omit, or remove behind the scenes, the deaths, which we exhibit to the audience. Have the French, on this

account, more sensibility than the English? Or have the English a greater *penchant* for scenes of horror and of bloodshed than the French? Our galleries certainly, and perhaps even our pits and boxes love the regale of *theatrical murder*. Miss Plumptree mentions that, when Othello was first brought on the French stage, the death of Desdemona was retained, with this difference, that, instead of being smothered, she was stabbed by the Moor.

The audience however could, with difficulty be brought to permit the representation of it, and the author was obliged to arrange the denouement differently. When Othello has his arm raised to plunge his dagger into her bosom, the father and others rush in to save her. Both these conclusions are printed with the piece, and the author says he leaves it to the actors to determine which they will perform. They always, I believe, choose the happy termination, at least such was the choice when I was at the representation of the piece.

Our authoress was at the Théâtre Français, when Mr. Fox, who had lately arrived at Paris, was present there for the first time. The moment this great statesman, the friend of peace and of mankind, was recognized, a spontaneous burst of applause ensued; and the name of Monsieur Fox! Monsieur Fox! was heard in all parts of the house.

If the prospect of emolument can operate as an incentive to dramatic genius, there is not likely to be any dearth of it in France. For we are informed that the author of a dramatic piece is entitled to a certain proportion of the profits, every time that it is performed, and in every theatre in which it is performed, as long as he lives; and his heirs are entitled to the same for ten years after his death.

Our authoress had the first view of Buonaparte at the Grand Parade, which was then held monthly in the great court of the Thuilleries.

Though small in stature and make, he is perfectly well-proportioned, and he has a martial and commanding air on horseback, in the midst of his troops, which so immediately impresses the spectator with the idea of one not of the ordinary race of men, that the smallness of his person is scarcely observable. Some persons, unable to separate the idea of smallness of stature from insignificance of appearance, have presumed that Buonaparte, being little, must appear insignificant. But this is a great error. His countenance is striking; and one that could never fail strongly to excite the attention of any person who pays the least attention to physiognomy. He has a small but keen and penetrating eye, and a character about the mouth.

peculiar to himself. The whole features and cast of countenance bring strongly to mind the idea of an ancient Roman.

Buonaparte appears very potently to have excited the admiration of Miss P. and some parts of her work contain a very elaborate defence of his character against the aspersions of his enemies. If our authoress have not performed this difficult task with complete success, she has at least shown that some of the blackest charges against him have never yet been so satisfactorily proved as is commonly supposed.

Miss Plumtree and her friends were among the spectators of the procession, which took place in Paris on the restoration of public worship. The abolition of religious rites was one of the great follies of the early revolutionists, and showed an excessive ignorance of mankind, and particularly of the French character, which is admirably adapted to relish the imposing ceremonial of the Catholic church. The people in general seem, from the interesting details of Miss P. to have expressed a very vivid satisfaction at the brilliant sight which announced the restoration of the ecclesiastical pageantry which had so long ceased to gratify their eyes.

'When all was gone by,' says she, 'comparisons in abundance began to fly about, between the splendour here displayed, and the mean appearance of every thing during the reign of jacobinism, which all ended to the disadvantage of the latter, and the advantage of the present system. *Tout étoit si mesquine dans ce tems là—Ceci est digne d'une nation telle que la France.* Some, who were too much behind to have seen the consular carriage, were eager in their inquiries about it. They could see, and had admired the bays and liveries, but they could not tell what number of horses there were to the carriage, and they learned with great satisfaction that there were eight. *Ah, c'est bien,* they said *c'est comme autrefois, enfin nous reconnaissons notre pays.*'

Our authoress thinks that there are more serious religionists at present in France; than in the period before the revolution; because no check is opposed to the freest inquiry, and a long interval of adversity has occasioned a more reflecting turn of mind. Though the Catholic, is considered as the established religion of the country, yet, says our authoress,

'it is not such to the injury of any one professing a different faith. Though the only religion the ministers of which are paid by the state, persons of all persuasions are allowed the free and uncontrolled exercise of their religion, whatever it may be, provided only that it is conformable to good morals, and consistent with social order; nor does any profession of faith, where

the morals are not exceptionable, preclude its professor from exercising any public function whatever. Religion is now placed throughout the French empire upon the only footing on which it ought to be placed in any country; the metaphysical part of it is considered as a concern solely between the individual and his Almighty Creator; IT IS WITH THE MORAL PART ALONE THAT THE STATE CONCERNS ITSELF.

Our authoress travelled in one of the stage coaches from Paris to Lyons. This journey, which is a distance of more than three hundred miles, occupied four days and a half. Miss P. passed through Fontainebleau, Cosne, Nevers, Moulins, and Roanne.

‘The farther we advanced southward,’ says she, ‘the more did I find the people unaccustomed to the use of tea.’

‘Between Calais and Paris, and at Paris, English habits and customs are become so familiar to the people that, at all the inns, they are prepared for making tea, but the road we were now travelling was not that usually taken by the English when they go into the south of France, or Italy. I found many people indeed in the south of France entertaining great apprehensions of tea, and considering it as extremely pernicious, because, as they say, it brings on an *échauffement du sang*.’

The dreadful ravages, which the city of Lyons suffered during the *reign of terror*, are supposed principally to owe their origin to the rancour of an obscure individual; but who attained to distinguished infamy during the revolution; — Collot d’Herbois. This person had first thought to obtain a livelihood by making a figure on the stage. But, he had the misfortune to be repeatedly hissed off the boards of the theatre at Lyons, where he made his first essay. He next turned writer, and produced an after-piece, entitled the *Hobgoblin*, which was *danned* on the first night of representation. These repeated disappointments excited in the little mind of Collot d’Herbois a most inveterate hatred of the good people of Lyons; and the revolution, which ensued, unfortunately gave him an opportunity of saturating his vengeance in the blood of the innocent inhabitants.

The city of Lyons, though almost destitute of fortifications, and defended only by the valour of its inhabitants, sustained a bombardment of fifty days against the forces of the enraged Terrorists. When these revolutionary monsters got possession of this magnificent town, clubs were organized for the government, or rather the devastation of the city, at the head of which were Collot d’Herbois, Couthon, Dubois Crancé, and Dorfeuille. A bloody altar was now reared, by

these immaculate patriots, to the grim Moloch of the revolution, on which hundreds of human victims were immolated daily, without distinction of sex or age.

The *ci-devant* player, Collot d'Herbois, had taken an oath that the grass should grow where Lyons had stood; and that the whole city should do homage in its ashes to the genius of liberty and equality. This oath would probably have been literally accomplished, if the downfall of Collot d'Herbois himself had not prevented the completion. Before this event, however, this desolating fiend had signalized his activity in the work of destruction. The hammer, the pick-axe, gunpowder, and the guillotine, were all put in requisition for the destruction of the houses and the inhabitants. As Collot d'Herbois sat at breakfast in the *Place des Terreaux*, he used to amuse himself with the sight of the heads falling under the axe of the guillotine. The slaughter on these occasions was sometimes so great, that the blood overflowed the kennels, and ran in at the cellar-windows of the houses.

Even the libraries of the religious communities, with the remains of antiquity and the works of art, did not escape the rage of these barbarians. The destruction of the *Place Belle-Cour*, the most distinguished spot in Lyons, and one of the finest squares in France, was delegated to Couthon, by the committee of Public Safety. This man, who had lost the use of his legs, was carried to the Place Belle-Cour in a coach.

He was lifted out of it by two men, and was supported by them to one of the fine facades, holding in his hand an immense hammer, with which, striking the building, he said, It is the law that strikes thee. This was the signal for destruction, and, in a short time, both these facades were laid in ruins.

Miss Plumptree has inserted in her work various details of the cruelties of the terrorists and the sufferings of the Lyonnese, which she has taken from an account, by Monsieur Delandine of the state of the prisons at Lyons during the reign of terror. The extracts, which our authoress has made from this work, possess considerable interest.

Our authoress pursued her journey from Lyons through Vienne, Valence, Montelimart, Orange, to Avignon. From Avignon she made an excursion to Vaucluse, which the muse of Petrarch has associated with so many tender recollections.

The valley of Vaucluse is little more than a winding passage among the stupendous rocks, that form a part of the chain of mountains, called the Mountains of Liberon, which coast the

northern side of the river Durance. The Sorgue, which flows from the fountain of *Vauchuse*, with the road, form nearly the breadth of the valley. The small intervening space between the river and the road is cultivated with a little corn, and a few mulberry trees, and here and there a small spot of meadow ground, where, however, when I saw them not the smallest symptom of verdure appeared: they were entirely burnt up in consequence of a drought of eight months; nor had even the abundant waters of the river, by which they are washed, been able to preserve a single blade of grass.

'After winding some way among the rocks, the road terminates at a little village, most impertinently placed in a spot which would be incomparably more impressive if it were a perfect solitude. From this place to the fountain is about a quarter of a mile along a stony path upon the declivity of the rocks, the valley here becoming so much narrower, that it is occupied entirely by the channel of the river. The termination of this valley is an immense perpendicular rock, measuring six hundred feet in height from its base. Within this rock is the cavern in which rises the fountain that supplies the river Sorgue so abundantly: the entrance to the cavern is sixty-feet in height. Before it, rises a mole of rock so much above the entrance of the cavern, that till arrived upon this mole nothing of the cavern or of the fountain within it is to be seen. The water filters through the mole, and gushes out at its base in innumerable little streams. Such is the ordinary state of the fountain; but in the spring of the year when the snows of the mountains melt, the superabundance of water is so great that it cannot be contained within its usual bounds, but filling the cavern, rises above the mole, and forms the immense cascade which is the wonder and admiration of all who behold it. I wish it were as possible to give a model in a book, as to give a print or a description;—a model might give an idea of *Vauchuse*, which I do not think any print or description can.

The fountain should be seen at two different periods in order to have a perfect idea of it;—when the water is low so that the cavern is accessible, and when it is high so that all access to the cavern is denied, but the cascade is in all its magnificence. He, however, who is destined only to see *Vauchuse* once in his life, had better see it when the water is low. By what he then sees it is easy to form an idea how grand an object the cascade is when in all its majesty, but it is impossible for him who sees the cascade full, to have any idea of the spot in its ordinary state, and this is so curious, that it is very desirable to see it. I have already said that at the time we saw *Vauchuse* there had been a drought of eight months, the water was consequently uncommonly low. A fig tree grows out of the vast perpendicular rock which bounds the valley. It is said that the waters have been known to rise as high as this tree, but never bigger.'

The following is Miss Plumptree's description of the Pont-du-Gard, one of the most perfect remains of ancient art :

'It consists of three tiers of arches, making in all a height of nearly two hundred feet above the river. The length at the top is eight hundred feet ; but this length constantly diminishes as it slopes down to the river, according to the form of the rocks, that rise on the river's banks ; and, at last, it becomes so contracted, that, in the narrowest part, the proper channel of the river, it is reduced only to two arches. It is to be observed, however, that these two are only part of six, of which the lower tier of arches consists, but the other four are of a diminished height, being half occupied by the rocks, instead of coming down to the water. The middle, or principal tier of arches, consists of eleven, the height of which in the centre is eighty feet ; the upper tier, which supports the channel through which the water passed, consists of thirty-five arches, which are only twenty-five feet in height. The bridge annexed to this structure was originally only for foot-passengers, but has since been widened to admit of carriages going over it ; but the modern work is so inferior to the ancient, that a very slight observation distinguishes the one from the other. The blocks of stone of which the Roman work is constructed, are of such an enormous size, that it is difficult to conceive how they were raised : it seems as if the extraordinary people by whom such masses could be arranged, must have been as gigantic in their persons as in their achievements.'

We next find our authoress at Nismes, where we learn that the Protestant churches are much more frequented than the Catholic. We have some account of the amphitheatre in this town, which bears ample testimony to the architectural magnificence of the Romans. This fine building, appears to be now greatly deformed with the sordid appendages of modern masoury, where barbers, bakers, butchers, green-grocers, &c. carry on their respective trades. We learn that before the revolution, a plan had been formed for clearing this noble monument of antiquity of these unseemly additions ; and that the idea has since been resumed by Buonaparte. In the year 1738, some Roman Baths were discovered, which had been constructed in the reign of Augustus Cæsar. These baths were completely restored after the original plan, and a portion of the adjacent ground converted into public gardens. During the revolutionary period, great devastations were committed in this place by the children of the town. This circumstance was mentioned to Miss P. by a man who has the care of the garden, and who added the following, which may well excite serious reflections on the frenzy of the times ;

‘Would you believe it, Madam? (said he) during a part of the revolution, we never dared to reprove the children for any mischief of which they were guilty. It was held by those, who called themselves the patriots, as a fundamental principle of liberty, that children were never to be corrected; and this had introduced such a spirit among them, that, many times, if a parent has ventured to reprove a child, the child has bid him go about his business, and carry his corrections elsewhere, they would not be permitted in that place: adding, We are all free,—we are all equal;—we have no father or mother but the republic; and if you are not satisfied I am; and you may go where you will be better pleased.’

From Nismes we accompany our sensible traveller through Beaucaire, Tarascon, St. Remi, Orgon, Lambesc, and Aix, to Marseilles.

‘Let the reader,’ says Miss Plumtree, ‘figure to himself a small circular plain, not more than eight English miles in diameter, two thirds of which is (are) inclosed by high mountains, and the remainder bounded by the classic waters of the Mediterranean, and he will then have an idea of what Nature has made the territory of Marseilles. Let him figure to himself this little spot covered with an immense number of country-houses, to the amount of nearly ten thousand, amidst gardens and vineyards, and he will then have an idea of the very striking and singular view presented to the traveller on reaching the summit of the mountain of La Viste, between Aix and Marseilles.’

‘The situation of the city itself is such, that it cannot be seen from La Viste. Embosomed in a little amphitheatre of hills of its own, the children of the mountains by which the territory is surrounded, it is not any where visible as a distant object, it is never to be seen till nearly arrived at its gates.’

The port of Marseilles is

‘a natural basin of an oblong form, about three quarters of a mile in length, and half that breadth. It is so entirely sheltered from all winds, that even in the most tempestuous weather a vessel rides there with perfect security; it could not be more out of the reach of danger in a river at twenty miles distance from the mouth. At the very entrance of the basin, vessels are as secure as in the most remote part, since it is very narrow, and so much among the rocks, that they effectually prevent any wind acting upon it with a force sufficient to create danger.’

Such was the situation which was wisely chosen by the Phœnicians as a secure asylum from tyranny and oppression. Miss Plumtree devotes several chapters of her work to the description of Marseilles, but we have not room to enu-

rate the various details. We can make only a few miscellaneous selections.

Among other information we find the following anecdote respecting the juvenile Buonaparte, which our authoress says she received from a person who witnessed the occurrence.

Buonaparte

• being at Marseilles, once when quite a youth, in a party of young people, he had retired into a corner of the room with a book, while the rest were dancing and amusing themselves with youthful sports, in which they solicited him in vain to join; his reply to their entreaties was, "*Jouer et danser ce n'est pas là manière de former un homme.*"

It is impossible to determine whether this and many similar anecdotes be true or not; but we have no doubt that they are *characteristically* descriptive of the person; and that the great Napoleon was a sullen and a thoughtful boy.

The following relation is singular, and, as far as a particular instance may be adduced to illustrate a general proposition, serves to shew how much more the French youth were infected with the frenzy of the revolution, than the older part of the nation who had been educated in different sentiments and habits, and were less susceptible of fanatical excitement. The person who had been

• executioner at Marseilles before the revolution, peremptorily refused that office under the revolutionary tribunal, alleging that the prisoners being unjustly condemned, he could not, in conscience, execute the sentence. On this man's refusal to execute his office, his son, less scrupulous, accepted it; and the father, for his refusal, was the first person he guillotined.

We hardly know any story which can be paralleled with this in the outrage which it exhibits on the best and tenderest feelings of our nature; and yet perhaps the very person who was guilty of it might, in that period of national delirium, congratulate himself on performing an act of *civic heroism*, which had a fair claim to immortal renown. A reflective prelate, who once asked whether it were possible for a whole nation to become mad, would have beheld a very close approximation to the fact if his life had been prolonged to the period of the French revolution. From the above shocking instance of brutality in the human, it gives us pleasure to recur to an example of affectionate fidelity in the canine, race.

A military officer under the *ancien régime*, had a favourite to whom he had given the name of *Milord*. The master of

Milord was thrown into prison during the reign of terror, when his dog having free ingress and egress to his place of confinement,

‘ was in the constant habit of conveying notes between him and his friends. He carried them in his mouth so concealed, that no one could perceive them; and when arrived at the prison, he went and scratched at the door of his master’s apartment. If on his entrance, he found him alone, he immediately dropped the note; but, if any one was with him, he kept it in his mouth till the person was gone, and then delivered it.’

In another part of this work we have an account of a dog, who after his master had been guillotined at Lyons, went for several days to the prison where he had been confined, deeply dejected and refusing all sustenance, till he was at last found lying a withered skeleton on the spot of ground where his master had been interred.

During the reign of terror the streets of Marseilles are said to have been as dreary and desolate as during the great plague in 1720.

‘ A person might walk from one end of the town to the other without meeting with any one, who could properly be called an inhabitant. The great terrorists, who were scarcely any of them Marseillers, the military and the flagellants as they called themselves, were almost the only persons that were to be seen. These latter were a set of men to the amount of fifty or sixty, who stationed themselves in different parts of the town, particularly on the course, dressed in the Carmagnole costume with thongs of leather concealed within their jackets. If any one passed, whose appearance for any reason did not please them, they drew out their thongs and began to lash him unmercifully. Nothing gave them so great offence as to appear a little more decent than the general costume would permit. A clean shirt, or a white cravat, was wholly unpardonable, and inevitably incurred a flagellation, which in more than one instance was so lavishly administered, as to occasion the death of him who received it.’

When the death-blow had been given to the jacobins by the fall of Robespierre, a sect of enraged royalists sprang up at Marseilles, who assumed the title of *Sabreurs*, because they perpetrated their atrocities, in which they seem to have rivalled the terrorists, with the sabre instead of the guillotine. The following may serve as a proof that royalists can be as cruel as democrats. After the fall of Robespierre, many persons were confined in Fort St. John till they could be brought to a legal trial. But the *Sabreurs* determined to

take the law into their own hands as the jacobins had done before. They accordingly proceeded to the fort.

* The prisoners, by some means apprised of their design, barricaded the door of the room in which they were confined, first by tying it with cords, and afterwards by piling up against it their straw mattresses, with such other articles of furniture as are allowed to persons in their situation. The Sabreurs not gaining access to the prisoners as easily as they expected, without farther ceremony bored several holes in the door, through which they introduced lighted matches. These catching the straw mattresses, the whole pile was instantly in a blaze, and the unhappy wretches within, either perished in the flames, or were suffocated in the smoke.

We agree with our authoress in thinking that it is difficult to decide what has been the worst among the numerous factions which were engendered by the revolution.

From Marseilles Miss Plumtree made an excursion to Toulon, through Aubagne, Gemenos, St. Pons, Cugas, Lo Beausset, and the Vaux d'Olioules.

* The valley of Gemenos,' she says, 'is one continued series of corn, vines, olive, fig, almond, and other fruit-trees, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, some cultivated almost to the top, others half naked, but by their very sterility adding to the beauty and variety of the scene. At one corner of the valley stands the village of Gemenos, with its chateau,' &c.

Our authoress greatly celebrates the beauty of St. Pons, which she prefers to that of Vaucluse.

* This valley terminates in a circular opening, forming a gentle acclivity, to about half-way up the rocks, which the late Monsieur d'Albert, the proprietor of the whole valley laid out in pleasure-grounds in the English taste; and it is one of the most paradisaical little spots that can be seen.'

The Vaux d'Olioules is a narrow defile of about two miles in length, which in some places is not wide enough for two carriages to pass; and at intervals the road seems, at a little distance, almost obstructed by the projections of the rocks.

Toulon is situated at the foot of a range of hills, which shelter it entirely from the north, and would render the heat insupportable in the summer months, if the air were not cooled by the sea-breeze which generally rises about noon. When Miss Plumtree was at Toulon, the armories and the great magazines, which were destroyed by the English, had not been repaired. We are, however, told that

'great activity seemed to prevail in every department, and there were a number of vessels on the stocks. Convicts in abundance were to be seen at work every where, some chained together, two and two, others only with the ring round the ankle. The most refractory are not to be seen; they are not suffered to be so much at liberty as to work in the open air, but are confined in a particular building to beating hemp, the most laborious of all the employments.'

We shall now accompany our fair country-woman to Aix, where she fixed her residence for several months. Those who are fond of public amusements, seem likely to find this a desirable situation.

'Ladies may subscribe to the theatre at only six livres a month, for which they may go every night of performance, that is four times a week; gentlemen pay twelve livres. The price of admission to non-subscribers is thirty sous the evening, for the best places, fifteen for the others.'

Before our authoress quitted Aix, she ascended the mountain of Sainte Victoire, which is about six miles from the town, and very conspicuous all over the country. This mountain rises in a ridge above the surrounding hills, and 'has the appearance of an enormous barn.' Miss 'P. and her friends went in the evening to Vauvenargues, a little village at the foot of the mountain, whence they took their departure at a very early hour.

'We set forwards,' says she, 'in one of the most beautiful starlight mornings ever seen; nor is it possible to describe the grand effect produced by the day gradually coming on, and at every moment enlarging our view, and presenting some new object in the widely-extended horizon.'

The pathway winds up to a convent below the summit of the mountain; beyond which neither ass nor mule can proceed; but each passenger must clamber as well as he can among the crags. The summit of Sainte Victoire is said to be literally a ridge, 'not above five or six feet wide, with an immense precipice on each side.' When they reached this point the sun began to appear above the horizon, and a glorious prospect burst upon the view.

At the end of the second volume of this work we have an interesting account of the climate and productions of Provence. The climate is very genial, but the changes of temperature greater than are commonly supposed. During the winter, which our authoress spent here, she 'witnessed a frost of three weeks accompanied by a good deal of snow.' A suf-

ficient quantity of corn is not grown in the country for the consumption of the inhabitants ; but there is an abundance of wine, though it is usually of a very inferior quality. The wine which is made from the white grape, and reduced about one fourth by boiling, is very richly flavoured. This is called *vin cuit*. The common wine of Provence is sold as low as at three sous the bottle. Throughout Provence the *souche* or stem of the vine is not suffered to grow more than two feet above the ground ; so that in winter the vines seem only an assemblage of old stumps. The grapes grow in a large cluster round the roots of the new shoots.

‘The common mode of providing for the cultivation of the land in this country is, that a peasant is attached to the estate, on whom rests the whole of the labour. He prepares the land, sows it, gathers in the harvest, thrashes out the corn, and lays it up ; and, as his pay, shares the produce equally with the proprietor. The same is the case with the vines and olives ; the peasant contributes all the labour necessary for cultivating them and making the wine and oil, and has the half of it when made. Where the property is too large for one peasant only to cultivate it, it is portioned out into different parcels, each parcel having its peasant attached to it in the same way. The harvest in Provence begins about Midsummer : the process of gathering it in is very different from ours. It is cut, bound up in sheaves and carried away immediately to the thrashing-floor, where it is stacked up. The thrashing-floor, or *aire* (to give it the name by which it is called in the country), is out in the open field ; it is of a circular form, and paved sometimes with stone, sometimes with a stiff clay beaten down till it becomes nearly as hard as stone. In the parts near the *aire*, while one man cuts the corn and binds the sheaves, another takes them upon his back, two or three at a time, and carries them away to the *aire* ; when the distance is somewhat greater, the sheaves are loaded upon an ass or a mule ; and when the distance is considerable, then a cart is employed, provided the ground be not too steep to admit of it, which happens not unfrequently : in no case is the corn left standing when it is cut, but carried away immediately. When all is in this manner collected at the *aire*, it is spread out thick upon it, and one or two horses or mules blindfolded, with a man standing in the middle and holding the reins, are made to run round and round, till the corn is separated from the straw ; after which the one is put into sacks and stored up in the granary, and the other put into a loft for winter food for the cattle. No such thing as a barn is to be seen, at least in the southern parts of Provence : rain during harvest is so very unusual, that this whole process may be carried on without fear of interruption from wet, or of the corn being injured for want of shelter. The scripture injunction, “ not to muzzle the ox that treadeth out

the corn," is explained by seeing this mode of thrashing. It is said both to be a more expeditious and effectual process than the flail; but it appears very hard work to the animals, especially being performed under the influence of such a burning sun: our mode of thrashing is perhaps equally hard work to mankind. During the time of harvest, which is considered as lasting till the corn is all thrashed and laid up, the peasant makes the corn stack his bed: he sleeps upon it attended by his dog, as a precaution against nocturnal depredators; and the air and ground are both so dry that he has nothing to apprehend from damps.

Figs are a very important article among the productions of Provence. The most celebrated is a small green fig which grows only in the territory of Marseilles.

'The vegetables for the table in this country are excellent; and particularly so about Aix. The country for some distance without the town, especially on the south side, is a continued scene of kitchen garden. The vegetable for which they are most famous is what they call *cardes*, I believe what are called in England cardoons. The plant very much resembles the artichoke but it does not grow to a head in the same way. The root which is of the nature of celery, only very much larger, is the part eaten, either raw as sallad, or stewed with rich sauce. These roots always make a part of the Christmas dinner; they are as indispensable as a turkey. Aix is so famous for them, that at this season presents are sent of them from thence all over the country. Aix is also the place of all others for eating sallad in perfection, particularly in winter. Nothing can be finer than the endive and celery grown here; and the oil and vinegar are the most delicious possible. One of these sallads with an omelet, I thought a far greater treat than the finest turtle ever cooked at the London tavern.'

This delightful region is however much infested by frogs, which croak all night during three or four months in the year, and by *cigales*, whose shrill music is heard all day. The gnats and flies are also very troublesome. In the stables the spiders are cherished that their webs may catch the flies, which would otherwise be a torment to the horses. The scorpions are another unpleasant, but Miss P. says, not very common guest.

The natives of Provence in general seem to lead a very abstemious life; and our traveller says that it is very rare indeed for them to eat meat. But no people are more 'healthy, more active, or more capable of enduring fatigue and hard labour than they are.' The porters at Marseilles, whose diet consists of bread, water, and garlick, are said to work as hard

as the coalheavers on the Thames. The peasant, who tills the ground, does not want his stated allowance of beer. *Garlick* seems the favourite stimulant.

We shall now accompany our authoress on her departure from Aix to Montpellier. At Montpellier the object which seems most to have attracted her attention was the *Place du Peron*, a public walk on the summit of the slope upon which the town is built. This favoured spot commands a view of the Alps on one side, and of the Pyrenees on the other. The Alps are visible only in their snowy summits, which cloud the edge of the horizon; but the Pyrenees compose a more distinct feature of the distant scene.

‘In other parts, and much nearer rise the mountains of the Cevennes, of the Rouergue, and of Roussillon; to the south is seen the *Etang de Thau*, and a vast expanse of the Mediterranean with the port of Certe, and the little island of Maguelonne; while the whole interval between the town and these different boundaries is disposed in rich plains cultivated with corn, vines, and olives.’

Numerous aromatic plants grow in the neighbourhood; and furnish those perfumes for which Montpellier is celebrated. ‘The *capillaire*, *vulgo*, Maiden’s hair, is particularly abundant,’ from which the well-known syrup is made.

From Montpellier we follow our amusing traveller through Pezenas, Beziers, Narbonne, Carcassonne, Castelnaudary, and Soreze to Toulouse. This ancient city is ‘built with narrow-winding streets, and very ill paved with small sharp stones.’ It is said to be two English miles in length, and a mile and a quarter in breadth; but the population is scanty compared with the size of the town.

On quitting Toulouse our authoress proceeds through Agen to Bourdeaux. This city which is

‘nearly three miles in length, sweeps round a crescent, formed by the Garonne, so that the view of the whole circuit can be taken in at once by the eye. Along the river, which is broader I think than the Thames at London Bridge, runs a fine quay, the buildings on which are of white stone, almost all modern, and very handsome; and the river is always full of shipping, some of the vessels being of a considerable size. On the opposite bank a rich country adorned with crooked stones and vineyards, with a number of villas scattered about, extends as far as the eye can reach.’

In her way from Bourdeaux to Nantes, Miss Plumtree traversed part of la Vendée, where every town and village presented a mournful spectacle of the havoc which had been

made in the period of the revolutionary war. We are carried from Nantes through Rennes to Morlaix, where our authoress stops to give us a good deal of miscellaneous information respecting Bretagne and the Bretons, and then embarks in a cartel for Plymouth; where she arrives in safety and reaches London, on the 31st of January, 1805, after an absence of three years.

The last chapters of this work are occupied with a sort of apologetical disquisition on the life, character, and conduct of Bonaparte.

This narrative of Miss Plumptree is neither destitute of instruction nor of interest. But the interest would have been increased if the fair writer had occasionally been a little less loquacious and prolix. Books of travels should not repeat what has been often said before; nor eke out their scanty stock of information relative to the *present state* of the country which the writers visit, from historians and travellers of ancient date. Those who want this information, may readily recur to the sources where it is to be found; but why should others be obliged to pay for a superfluity which they do not want, or what is only a tedious and cumbersome appendage to the book which they purchase? We do not impute this fault to the authoress of the present work so much as to many other travellers; but still we think that all the valuable or amusing matter in her three volumes, might with advantage have been condensed into half the bulk. Miss Plumptree is evidently a woman of information, good sense, and discernment; and we wish that her friends had not persuaded her to spin out her narrative to such a length as to be sometimes tedious and insipid.

ART. VI.—*Ferdinand and Ordella, a Russian Story, with authentic Anecdotes of the Russian Court, after the demise of Peter the Great. To which is added a prefatory Address to the Satirist upon Patrons and Dedications, Reformers and Reformists. By Priscilla Parlante. 2 vols. London, Miller, 1810.*

IF we recollect right, our former acquaintance with Miss Parlante did not promise much pleasure. In our perusal of her memoirs of Maria Countess d'Alva we were much puzzled to find out her meaning or her story. In her present production, her story is rather more clear; but she abounds with the same faults as in the Countess d'Alva. The title boasts,

as many of these puerile publications do, of affording authentic anecdotes; but the readers of *Ferdinand and Ordella* might have gratified their curiosity, if they had had any, by reading Sir Ker Porter's travels, and have saved themselves the trouble of wading through two heavy dull volumes, of incoherent stuff, interlarded here and there with what Miss Parlante calls anecdotes of a court, which most people know who have read or heard of the history of Peter the Great and his successors, but which the general taste of novel readers will not thank her for detailing. To *them* they must appear dry and uninteresting; and few take delight in the most pleasing of all studies, history, who have already weakened their mind and vitiated their taste by poring over romances and modern novels.

The prefatory address we shall pass over unnoticed; but to convince Miss Parlante of our having attentively read her performance, we will give our readers the heads of her Russian story. Ferdinand Beleski, a Russian nobleman, has an only sister, who is married to a count Nerokin, a ferocious and cruel tyrant, who is soon sated with the possession of his amiable and beautiful bride Alexiewna, and indulges in all those sensual gratifications, which sink the man below the character of the brute. The death of her parents and the absence of her brother Ferdinand, with the knowledge of her husband's infidelity, render her truly miserable; while her amiable and forbearing disposition makes her an object of pity and admiration. Nerokin forms an illicit connexion with Sophisky, the daughter of Alexiewna's *dakta* or *nenka*, meaning in the Russian language a nurse. Sophisky, who is retained as an attendant about the person of Alexiewna, is a sharp, cunning, and intriguing girl, and returns all the tenderness with which she has been treated by Alexiewna, with the grossest insult and ingratitude. Nerokin also conceives an attachment for the princess Liardinsky (the natural daughter of Biren, duke of Courland of notorious memory in the Russian court), the account of whom Miss Parlante seems to have picked up in the course of her historical peregrination. This lady's character is a compound of wickedness. She is represented as unawed by any moral or religious principle, intrepid and daring, despising obstacles, immersed in gallantry, and indefatigable in intrigue. Alexiewna, who declines the society of this abandoned and dangerous woman, becomes of course the object of her revenge; and, to aggravate Alexiewna's sufferings, she sends her anonymous information of the true character of her husband, disclosing his infidelities and other horrid traits of his disposition, which

leave the unhappy wife no room to expect any change for the better in her miserable existence. She therefore secludes herself from society, and devotes her hours to the nursing of her infant daughter, the little Narina. About this time, Ferdinand arrives from his travels with his friend Alexis Lindenfels. Nerokin's ferocious mind determines on his destruction, though Miss Parlante does not favor us with any good reason why count Nerokin should come to such a barbarous resolution. Ferdinand becomes acquainted with the artful Liardinsky, who is determined to detach him from his amiable sister. This she does not exactly accomplish, but succeeds in making him the slave to her wishes. Affairs go on in this manner, when Ferdinand rescues a beautiful lady by the name of Ordella Bennoblenoff from the attacks of not a 'rugged Russian bear,' but a fierce dog, who chose to make war on Ordella's mantle, and was proceeding with all possible expedition to tear in pieces the affrighted fair. This beautiful and all accomplished lady, Ferdinand cannot choose but fall most violently and desperately in love with. The princess Liardinsky shortly discovers the state of Ferdinand's heart, and is

'fired with indignation and jealousy. Every baleful passion of her guilty soul was agitated; but to ensnare the object of her perfidy, and completely to entangle him in the fatal web she was preparing, that designing female doubled her attentions towards him; and by courting his confidence, and encouraging his passion for Ordella, actually persuaded the infatuated victim, to consider her as a faithful, indulgent friend, ready to sacrifice her own feelings, when she saw that the happiness of one so dearly loved, was materially concerned.'

In the end Ferdinand suffers himself to be duped by the intriguing princess, who determines to punish her slighted love by inflicting on Ferdinand a specimen of the pangs of jealousy and tortures of disappointment. Finding that Ordella favoured Ferdinand's addresses, and that the lovers only wait the return of Ordella's father, who is absent with his regiment, she conceals a plot with Sophisky to frustrate their wishes, by raising the jealousy of Ferdinand. To convince him that Ordella is an unfaithful and a vicious woman, she promises him ocular demonstration of her perfidy in her admitting another lover. This she accomplishes by dressing herself in Ordella's cloaths (whilst that lady is absent) and Sophisky in men's apparel personates the supposed favored lover. Ferdinand is placed in a situation, where he may see what passes, but from the dusk of the evening does not dis-

tinguish the countenances of the princess or her associate. In this scene Miss Parlante is not satisfied with permitting her characters to enjoy a *decent tête à tête*, but makes them exhibit before Ferdinand,

‘The wanton lady with her lover loose
In soft abandonment,’

We should have thought that the mere glimpse of the parties in conversation would have answered the purpose of making the lover jealous enough, without Miss Parlante having recourse to so gross an exhibition, as she intimates took place. We are sorry and shocked that such an unchaste thought should enter the mind of a female, who pretends to write for the amusement or instruction of the youth of both sexes; and we must be permitted to say that it does not impress us with a very exalted opinion of her delicacy. But, to proceed with the story. Ferdinand is wrought up to distraction on finding his Ordella, the gross wretch she is represented, and sends her a letter of reproach, which is but just dispatched when he is arrested and thrown into prison. This is accomplished by the intrigues of the princess and his brother-in-law count Nerokin. During his confinement the princess visits and comforts him with the hope of being able to obtain his release, though at the same time she is meditating his death. Count Nerokin in the mean while takes his wife to his dilapidated castle of Tartaruscoff. We give the name to show how *au fait* Miss Parlante is at the Russian *coffs* and *doffs*. She has not been long there, before her death is announced. Her little daughter Narina is put under the care of the princess Liardinsky, and Nerokin prepares to marry a young lady by the name of *Foolingdorff*. Whilst this affair is *in train*, Ferdinand is released from his dungeon by the succour of Leon, a monk, and Alexis the friend who follows his fortunes. These persons are concealed in a most convenient cave; and here they are visited by the princess Liardinsky, who has been overturned in her carriage. She however does not recognize Ferdinand, and departs without doing any mischief; but in her haste drops a packet, the contents of which develop the intrigues of herself and count Nerokin, with the treachery which had been played upon Ferdinand and Ordella. Soon after this Ferdinand's faithful servant brings intelligence from the capital, that the princess Elizabeth is placed upon the throne, and has discovered through the means of the little Narina, who falls somehow or other to the care of Ordella, the wickedness which has been practised against Ferdinand, and determines if he is alive to

restore him to favour, &c. Ferdinand and Alexis, however, determine to visit the tomb of Alexiewna, who is reported to be dead and buried, and an idea is entertained that all is not right at Tartaruscoff castle. In disguise they reach this dismal place, and obtain admittance as labourers. Here they make discoveries by no means favourable to the character of the count Nerokin or the princess Liardinsky; and with the aid of moving pedestals, long passages, massy doors with rusty bars, and large keys, they find their way to a dungeon, in which is immured the amiable Alexiewna whom they rescue, but in bearing her away, they are followed by Nerokin whom Ferdinand slightly wounds, just as a party of the imperial guards advance who are in their march to the castle, in order to secure the count and bring him to condign punishment. Nerokin, to avoid this disgrace, makes his exit by 'a bare bodkin,' called a dagger, which most conveniently lies beside him. Alexiewna is restored to her daughter; matters are cleared up between Ordella and Ferdinand, with whom of course he is made, according to the common expression on these occasions, happy. The princess Liardinsky is banished for the crimes she has committed, to a distant part of Siberia. Sophisky is shut up in a convent, and the other associates are *complimented* with the knout, and doomed to hard labour, &c, &c. And so ends Ferdinand and Ordella, which we are sorry to pronounce a very dull performance, evincing little taste and ingenuity, and spun out to a most tiresome length. Some descriptions of the country and manners are very well; but then we are to remember that little merit is due to Miss Parlante for these, as she is indebted to the descriptive powers of other writers. Nor can we compliment her on her address in combining her tale. "It is the same as a hundred others of the like kind. A tyrant, a morose husband, an intriguing and wicked woman, an old castle and a damp dungeon, are so many *ready-made* requisites for patching up a tale, that Miss Parlante, or any other Miss, with the help of a little imagination, may make a pile of novels with very little trouble to themselves. Miss Parlante we believe intended the lady Maskulinsky's character to be thought vastly lively and abounding in wit; but what merriment or wit there can be in drawing a character so stupidly absurd as this, which is made to miscall every word she utters, is far beyond our comprehension. For instance, can such jargon as the following draw forth a smile, except it be the smile of contempt?

'You must now said she to Ferdinand come into my brother's, and *delibrate* a little to escort us home. I shall not *destinate*

you long.—You must know that in my brother's absence I have the *guardiance* of his daughter, a very troublesome charge, but to oblige a brother you know, one is often obliged to *sympathise* one's own convenience to the *impracticabilities* of others; and my brother thinks nothing goes right, unless I *interpose* my *authorotive discrimination*.

We give this as a specimen of the *wit*, we complain of. Miss Parlante has given herself much unnecessary trouble, in assorting the names of her different characters, by which means, she has told us by the name what sort of a character we are to expect. This may be a mark of great kindness in Miss Parlante to her readers; but we will venture to say, that it is but a poor mark of her genius, and would have weakened the interest of her performance had it possessed any. For instance, who can read the name of *Nerokin*, but must know that the man is to be represented as a second Nero in cruelty; or a *Foolingdorff*, but that the person is a fool or to be made a fool of? *Horidowitz*, *Dolterbossewitch*, and *Worthinshy*, announce what characters we are to expect. This clumsy contrivance only augments the insipid dullness of the tale. We conclude this article with regretting, that it is not in our power to bestow any praise on the story of Ferdinand and Ordella.

ART. VII.—*The Metamorphosis of Sona; a Hindû Tale; with a Glossary Descriptive of the Mythology of the Sastras.* By John Dudley, Vicar of Sileby, in Leicestershire. Black, 1810, 12mo.

THE author of this poem, after relating the circumstances which first gave birth to it, says, that he has now published it, (together with the accompanying Glossary, which forms considerably more than half the volume,)

'not from that vain hope of applause, which a young author is apt very foolishly to entertain when he finds he has written enough to make up something like a book; but from a persuasion, that the poem and the notes together were calculated to convey a good deal of information respecting the Hindûs, which our countrymen do not, but yet ought to know. Reigning as they now do, the sovereigns in India, over fifty millions of people, who profess such doctrines as these, stated in this poem and notes; and are moreover zealously bold to maintain, not only at the hazard, but with the sacrifice, of their lives, the truths,

as they believe, of legends such as this, of the metamorphosis of *Sona*; these doctrines and opinions become highly important; and to acquire, at least, some slight knowledge of them, becomes a duty imperiously obligatory, not only on the persons who may be actually employed in the government of the *Hindús*, but on those also who, remaining at home, may only be called upon to legislate for their distant fellow-subjects (for such the *Hindús* certainly are) either immediately, as members of the British parliament, or mediately only, through their representatives.'

That the officers of our East India Company abroad, and its Directors at home, and that the members of both our houses of parliament, and as connected with them, the whole thinking part of the nation ought to be most deeply impressed with the great responsibility which attaches to them as lords of fifty millions of subjects, and with the Christian duties of religious and civil toleration towards them, as well as every other class of that extensive community which is united under the British government, is a proposition to which we most cordially assent; but to know that *Agni* is one of the eight guardian deities of the earth, and *Bhaváni* the personified cause of destruction and reproduction, that the *Nacshátras* are the dispellers of darkness, and *Máya*, the embodied power of imagination, all this and a great deal more than this may be well worth the attainment of those who are disposed from laudable motives of curiosity to make the inquiry; (and to persons immediately connected with the country, every species of learning which brings them acquainted with the habits, characters, and prejudices of the inhabitants is yet more than mere matter of curiosity;) but that it is any further of importance to Englishmen in general, we cannot possibly allow.

For the use of those, however, who from any motive are engaged in the pursuit, Mr. Dudley has in this work compiled a very compendious and not unentertaining grammar of the science; while in his poem he has discovered powers of versification and imagery, which we own it would have pleased us, *individually*, better to have seen bestowed on a more popular subject. With this recommendation, and a favourable specimen of the poetry, we must conclude our remarks. The passage we have chosen for our extract describes the preparation made at the court of the great river goddess, *Nerbudda*, for her intended union with *Sona*.

'Nor less is busy preparation seen,
In the high mansions of the mountain queen,
The fairy slaves are summon'd, and fulfil
Their mistress' wish with promptitude and skill.

Part to arrange the banquet quick advance,
 Or plan the order of the festive dance.
 Those practise song, and chaunt *Nerbudda's* praise;
 These tune the *vêne** in concert with their lays.
 Those bid the agate lamp new oil receive;
 These bring perfumes—or flowery garlands weave.
 Part lead the votive cowl in chaplets drest,
 To greet with holy forms the illustrious guest;
 Or place the friendly seat in order due,
 Or spread the dower, rich glittering, full in view:
 While holier bands more solemn rites prepare,
 Construct the altar 'mid the hallow'd square;
 Nurse the pure flame, the just oblations bring,
 And bear lustrations from the limpid spring;
 The seven-fold circles draw, whose mystic ties
 Bind ever firm the glad solemnities.

'Nor is *Nerbudda's* self without her cares,
 But anxious for the interview prepares:
 Calls studious to her aid each female art,
 That deep may root her power in *Sona's* heart.
 O'er her fair form the bath warm freshness sheds;
 The sandal added, fragrant softness spreads.
 The chosen vest improves her native grace,
 And diamonds aid the splendour of her face.
 As, lucid opening to the blaze of day,
 The lotos smiles with heavenly beauty gay;
 So the queen, seated in her rich alcove,
 Awaits the offerings of the *Deva's* love.'

There is a great resemblance in this eastern fable to some of the subjects of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and some imitation of his style in our author's manner of conducting and relating it. But it is not easy to get over the prejudices of our school-boy years; and we are persuaded that the Ganges and the Omere handaca will never convey to our imaginations the charm of the 'Fabled Tempe,' or make us forget the exclamation—

'—O qui me gelidis in vallibus *Hæmi*
 Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!'

* A sort of guitar; a pleasing instrument, and the best belonging to the *Hindûs*. (Glossary.)

ART. VIII.—*A Practical Treatise on Tinea Capitis Contagiosa, and its Cure; with an Attempt to distinguish this Disease from other Affections of the Scalp; and a Plan for the Arrangement of Cutaneous Appearances according to their Origin and Treatment; including an Inquiry into the Nature and Cure of Fungi Hematodes and Navi Materni. The whole exemplified by Cases. By W. Cooke, Surgeon. London, Callow, 1810. 8vo.*

THIS is a respectable performance. Slight affections of the scalp are frequently called scald head; and authors of respectability, Dr. Willan for example, has supposed that other diseases, which he terms psoriasis and pityriasis, terminates in the true tinea. But it seems highly probable that this is an incorrect view of the subject, and that tinea ought to be regarded in its origin as a specific disease, the consequence of a specific contagion. Mr. Cooke's description of it has the two essentials of clearness and brevity. It is as follows :

' *Tinea capitis contagiosa.* I offer as a term for the following morbid appearance, namely, a slightly raised scurfy patch, suddenly attacking the scalp, accompanied with itching, and a separation of the hairs;—it generally commences in the form of a ring, in the centre of which the hairs at first remain, till the disease gradually spreads, when baldness succeeds with occasional ulceration of parts of the scalp, denuding the pericranium; in which state it has been commonly known by the appellation of scald head.'

This separation of the hairs, Mr. Cooke assumes as the criterion of tinea. He has taken a review of ancient and modern opinions, and has shown an intimate and critical acquaintance both with books and things. All the common affections of the scalp are situated either in the cutis or rete mucosum. In this disease, the roots of the hairs which penetrate beneath the cutis being affected, its seat must be different from the common scurfy and eruptive affections of the scalp and skin so frequently occurring in children.

The remedies used by Mr. Cooke for this troublesome complaint, are nearly the same as what are commonly employed. Stimulant mercurial ointments, flour of mustard formed into paste, or other stimulants, as antimonium tartarizatum, hellebore, bryony, savin, are the applications he has found most successful. But the directions he gives for their

use are very judicious. He applies these powerful stimuli only three or four successive days. Inflammation is by this time excited round the patch or ring, and the cure is afterwards left to cleanliness and nature. Such treatment he has found efficacious in incipient cases. In those of great extent and long continuance, the same curative principles must be kept in view; but it must be modified by circumstances which will readily suggest themselves to the intelligent practitioner.

In the second part of his work, Mr. Cooke takes a much more extensive view of cutaneous disorders, or those which are supposed to be such. He arranges them all under the following heads:

' In the following arrangement I have included under the first class those appearances which arise from local and contagious diseases of the skin, viz. *tinea capitis contagiosa*, and scabies.

' 2nd. Those that are primarily local, and not contagious, and which are supposed to arise from a peculiar and disordered action of the vessels of the skin, viz. the various species of sarcomatous and encysted tumours, *fungi hæmatodes*, *nævi materni*, warts, corns, the cutaneous ulcer, and that which has been considered cancerous, or more properly phagedenic.

' 3d. Those that accompany and are characteristic of some constitutional and contagious disease, viz. *variola*, *rubeola*, *vaccina*, *scarlatina*, *varicella*, and *syphilis*.

' 4th. Those that depend upon morbid structure, disordered action of some internal organ or surface, upon an acrimonious state of the blood, or upon an increased or diminished strength in the *vis vitæ*, which have been generally known under the terms *lepra*, *elephantiasis*, *alphos*, *psoriasis*, *scorbutus*, *erysipelas*, *urticaria*, *miliaria*, *gutta rosea*, *crusta lactea*, *porrigo*, *herpes*, *petechiæ*, *carbunculus*, &c. &c. to which may be added, the state of the skin in gout, acute rheumatism, and jaundice.

' 5th. Those that are induced by external and simple stimuli, such as incised, lacerated, and contused wounds, burns, scalds, chilblains, and the bites and stings of various insects, and animalculæ.

' 6th. Those that are excited by the external and specific stimuli, viz. the bite of a mad dog and rattle-snake.'

Many remarks may be made on this arrangement. Many of those diseases which the author calls primarily *local*, we really deem constitutional. Such are some sarcomatous and encysted tumours; and the *fungus hæmatodes*, which is no other than a cancerous disease. On this account we can hardly think, that the cases related by Mr. Cooke, of success from the use of a ligature, and subsequent destruction of the base of the ulcer by arsenic, will be allowed by prac-

titioners to have been genuine examples of fungus hæmatodes. The mere fungating of an ulcer is not enough to constitute this dangerous affection. Scrofulous ulcers fungate: a fungus is formed during the exfoliation of a dead bone. But fungus hæmatodes will always be found united with a deranged state of the constitution. Again, we do not see upon what principle the ulcer which has been called phagedenic, can be called a cutaneous disease. It will attack the lip, for example, or the *alæ nasi*, and destroy finally, not merely the cutis, but the whole substance of the part affected.

We do not doubt that Mr. Cooke is upon the whole well-founded, in considering the greater part of the eruptive complaints included under his fourth class, as symptoms of organic or constitutional affection. As far as they are local, they are probably connected with diminished local energy. Mr. Cooke seems to regard some of them as depending upon increased strength of the *vis vitæ*. In this we are confident that he is in error, and that he has confounded increased action with increased power. Increased action commonly indicates diminished power; as in erysipelas, gout &c. But increased power, which we presume to be synonymous, with increased strength of the *vis vitæ*, signifies nothing more, in our apprehension, than increased health.

We wish that the remedy used for the cure of chronic nettle-rash may prove as successful in other hands, as Mr. Cooke assures us it has in his own practice. As it is recommended on the authority of a physician of large experience, (Dr. Baillie) we shall insert it for the benefit of the community. The dose of the medicine ought to have been particularized.

‘The chronic nettle-rash has resisted various external remedies, but has given way, in the course of a fortnight, to an infusion of serpentaria, made in the proportion of two drachms to a pint of water.’

Mr. Cooke seems to subscribe to the doctrine, which is so much in vogue at present, and which attributes these with the majority of chronic diseases to derangements of the hepatic digestive organs. If this doctrine could be established (of the possibility of which, to the extent to which it is carried, we much doubt) it is but a slight step gained. For the question immediately occurs, what is it that occasions this derangement of the digestive organs? a question which our chylopoietic doctors do not seem at all inclined or able to answer. But considered as a matter of fact, that such a derangement is really a concomitant of most chronic dis-

eases, we agree with Mr. Cooke that it is founded in truth, and applaud him for showing that it is no discovery of modern times ; but that it has been expressly delivered and insisted upon by eminent teachers of past times. Opinions similar to those lately published on hepatic obstructions, and their consequences may be found in the writings of Hippocrates and Galen ; and still more particularly in those of Boerhave ; a teacher who, as he was more highly prized than he perhaps deserved, in the times in which he lived, is, on the other hand, most unjustly undervalued in our own. He observes, that there are two viscera on which almost all chronic diseases depend ; namely, the lungs, whence consumption and its various consequences arise ; and ' the liver upon which the innumerable train of slow or chronical disorders depends.' In another place he observes,

' Among a thousand cases of acute diseases, there is hardly one perfect cure to be alledged either of a dropsy, jaundice, or splenetic disorder ; and even among various chronical diseases there is hardly one whose principal seat or cause is not in the liver.'

These authorities are powerful in evincing that the doctrine is fundamentally true. We cannot have stronger evidence than the coinciding testimony of rational and original observers of various ages and countries. But still we must repeat, *cui bono* ! if neither the causes of these hepatic obstructions have been detected, nor a successful mode of treatment laid down. In fact, it is as strong a proof as can be adduced, that medicine itself has both in theory and practice been nearly stationary for ages, notwithstanding the boastful pretensions of modern practitioners.

The view which Mr. Cooke has taken of this great variety of morbid affections, is necessarily slight and cursory. Of most of them, as *variola*, *vaccina*, *rubola*, *varicella*, *sypilis*, hardly any other notice is taken than of the name. It did not indeed enter into the plan of the author to give any thing more than a mere sketch of a new arrangement, which he conceives to be better than those to be found in books of nosology. But where he has occasion to go more into detail, his remarks are sound and judicious, and his views rational. He advises in all cases to look more to the state of the constitution, than to expect relief from the operation of pretended specifics ; and he recommends a very peculiar attention to regimen, a subject almost wholly overlooked by the bulk of practitioners ; principally, we believe, because it brings in no fees. Upon the whole, we wish to recommend this work to the attention of the professional reader.

ART. IX.—*The Life of Admiral Lord Nelson, K. B. from his Lordship's Manuscripts. By the Rev. James Stanier Clarke, F. R. S. and John M'Arthur, Esq. L. L. D. late Secretary to Lord Viscount Hood.*—London, Cadell & Davies, 1809, 2 vols. 4to.

ART. X.—*Captain Foote's Vindication of his Conduct, when Captain of H. M. Ship Sea-Horse, and Senior Officer in the Bay of Naples, in the Summer of 1799. Second Edition, with Observations on the Rev. J. S. Clarke's and J. M'Arthur's, Esq. Life of Lord Nelson, and a previous Correspondence on that Subject.* London, Hatchard, 1810, pp. 198.

THE publication of this splendid piece of biography has been so long announced, that the length of the interval between its appearance, and the promulgation of the design, has given rise to several other biographical notices of the same hero. The work before us, however, whatever may be its faults, claims a decided superiority, not only in external magnificence, but in authenticity also, to any of the former works on the same subject. The possession of the brief journal of Lord Nelson's services in his own hand, the communications of many of the first naval characters, and his lordship's correspondence with many of his most intimate friends, which have been transmitted to the authors, have not only enabled them to establish facts on the surest foundations, but also to unfold many traits of character, hitherto but imperfectly ascertained. Unfortunately this multiplicity of materials has had one most prejudicial effect, for as the authors have an unique idea of arrangement, and selection, they have extended the life of one individual, over near 900 pages of the largest quarto paper, that ever descended from the shelves of Messrs. Cadell and Davies; when, perhaps half, or at most two-thirds of the present publication, properly methodised, would have satisfied the most persevering reader, and the most ardent admirer of Lord Nelson.

We have subjoined to this article a pamphlet of Captain Foote's, of H. M. yacht, Royal Charlotte, in vindication of his conduct, when commanding the Sea-Horse in the bay of Naples, in 1799, which conduct he conceives to be unfairly represented, as well in other memoirs of Lord Nelson, as in the present publication. We will defer entering into the contents of his pamphlet for the present, and proceed to extract

for our readers a brief account of the life of that extraordinary man, to whom our country is so highly indebted for placing beyond a doubt the superiority of that navy, which as has lately been most truly asserted in the American congress, is the only remaining barrier against the over-bearing power of France.

— illa labantem
Restitit Europen contrà, validaque levavit
Naufragium commune manu.'

CLAUDIAN.

Horatio Nelson was son of the Rev. Edmund Nelson, rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk. His mother was daughter of Dr. Suckling, and grand-daughter of a sister of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. He was born in the parsonage-house, on the 29th of September, 1758. The choice of his profession originated with himself in the following manner. Towards the close of the year 1770, when Nelson was in his thirteenth year, his father happened to be at Bath for the recovery of his health, having left most of his children at Burnham Thorpe. During his absence, Horatio, who had often expressed a wish not to be a burthen to his father, read in the papers the appointment of his uncle Captain M. Suckling, to the *Raisonable* of sixty-four guns; upon which he exclaimed, 'Do, brother William, write to my father, and tell him I should like to go with uncle Maurice to sea.' His father, after some hesitation on the subject, complied with his request, and from the answer which Capt. S. returned to Mr. Nelson's application, our authors quote the following curious passage:

'What has poor Horace done, who is so weak, that he above all the rest should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action, a cannon-ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once.'

In the following year, Nelson was sent by his father to join his uncle at Chatham. The first days of his absence from his friends were rendered particularly discouraging by finding himself a perfect stranger in his new situation, without even the protection of his uncle, who did not join his ship until some days after. His naval career, however, cannot be said to have yet commenced, as the adjustment of the differences with Spain relative to the Falkland islands, deprived him of any opportunity of seeing active service. Accordingly, by the advice of his uncle, he took a trip to the West Indies in the merchant service, under a Mr. Rathbone, in which

situation he contracted a prejudice against the royal navy, a prejudice, which was fortunately subdued soon after his return.

In the year 1773, an expedition was sent out in consequence of an application from the royal society, to ascertain how far navigation was practicable towards the north pole, under the command of Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave. The perilous situation in which these ships were placed from the fields of ice, has been before made known to the public; Nelson was occasionally entrusted with the command of a four-oared cutter, which in a service of so much danger, would have been entrusted to few boys of fifteen.

One of the earliest instances of the spirit of adventure, which so strongly characterized him afterwards, is related during this expedition. He stole away privately from the ship on the ice for the purpose of attacking an enormous bear, to procure, as he said, the skin as a present for his father. The captain fortunately perceived the boy's danger, and ordered a gun to be fired from the ship which terrified the animal, and made him retire from an enemy, to whom, as Nelson had no ammunition for his own piece, and was by means strong, he would probably have proved superior. The next service on which Nelson was employed was in the *Sea-Horse*, of twenty guns, attached to a squadron destined for the East Indies. A little previous to this voyage, our authors inform us that he had begun to acquire a strong and athletic habit; a disorder, however, which attacked him in India, not only reduced him to a weak and emaciate state, but preyed so much on his spirits, that he gives the following account of the depression of mind he laboured under at this period.

'I felt impressed with the idea that I never should rise in my profession, my mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed, I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition: after a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patron, my mind exulted in the idea. "Well then," I exclaimed, "I will be a hero, and confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger." The spirit of Nelson revived, and from that hour in his mind's eye, as he often expressed to Captain Hardy, a radiant orb was suspended, which urged him onwards to renown.'

On the 8th of April, 1777, when nineteen years of age, he passed his examination, and on the following day received

his commission as second lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe* frigate, Capt. Locker, which was ordered to the Jamaica station. His personal courage was displayed during this voyage, in boarding an American prize during a tremendous gale of wind, a service which he volunteered. In Dec. 1778, Nelson terminated his services as lieutenant, on board the flagship of Sir Peter Parker, and was succeeded by Lieutenant (the late Lord) Collingwood, who was promoted to the rank of commander within seven or eight months.

In the eventful year, 1778, Nelson was appointed commander of the *Badger* brig, in which vessel he, however, remained so short a time, that we do not find his name in the printed navy lists of that period. In the following year in which Spain was added to our other enemies, our hero was advanced to the rank of post in the *Hinchinbrook*; a few days previous to which, his majesty entered his third son, the Duke of Clarence, as midshipman on board the *Prince George*, Admiral Digby. In the year 1780, Capt. Nelson convoyed in the *Hinchinbrook* an expedition fitted out at Jamaica to take Fort San Juan on the Rio San Juan, and by thus becoming masters of the towns of Leon and Granada, to cut off the communication between N. and S. America. The services of the captain were to have terminated with the landing of the troops, but as no one else had any knowledge of the river, he manned two of his own boats, and some Mosquito shore craft, and carried the men up the Rio to the fort. The service, from a multiplicity of causes proved most arduous; among other obstacles, it was necessary during their passage to carry a small island in the middle of the river, which was defended by a battery.

‘With an intrepidity that was irresistible, Captain Nelson headed a few of his seamen, and leaped upon the beach, the place in which he had precipitated himself was so muddy, that he found considerable difficulty in extricating himself; but he would admit of no delay, and advancing without his shoes, stormed the battery, in which he was assisted by Captain Despard.’

On the 24th of April, the castle of San Juan surrendered after a ten days siege. The expedition, nevertheless, ended most calamitously; the desertion of the Indians, the dreadful effects of the climate on the health of the soldiers, and the total want of accommodation for the sick, reduced a force of eighteen hundred men to little more than a sixth of its number. The services of Nelson on this occasion were

strongly impressed on the minds of government in a letter to Lord G. Germain from General Dalling, who commanded the military force employed.

From the Hinchinbrook, in which he was succeeded by his friend Captain Collingwood, Nelson was removed to the Janus; but in Sept. 1780, his health became so very bad, that he embarked on board the Lion, Captain Cornwallis, for England. In the following year, the 23d of his age, he was appointed to the Albemarle of 28 guns, on the North Sea station; from the North Seas he was ordered to Quebec, and during his passage a strong instance occurs of that goodness of heart, that accompanied him through life, and was indeed one of the most prominent features of his character. In consideration of the poverty and large family of an American captain, whose schooner he had taken, he restored the vessel with her cargo entire to its owner; the certificate of this restoration is preserved in a frame in the house of a gentleman at Boston. At Quebec, Nelson's first acquaintance with Mr. Alexander Davison commenced, to whose firmness in dissuading, and in fact compelling him to relinquish an imprudent matrimonial scheme, he was as much indebted, as for his unbounded hospitality and attachment. During this year, the more shining names, and notorious from far different causes, than those, which have rendered the name of this last gentleman so unfortunately so, the names of Lord Hood, and the Duke of Clarence were enrolled among his long list of friends. Under the flag of the former officer, he served for many of the succeeding years of his life. Of the latter, he says in a letter written at this early stage of their acquaintance:

'He will be, I am certain, an ornament to our service. He is a seaman, which you could hardly suppose; every other qualification you may expect from him, but he will be a disciplinarian, and a strong one.'

At the conclusion of peace, which ensued soon after Nelson's return from Quebec, he took a short tour in France; his stay on the continent was not long, and on his return, he was appointed to the Boreas of 28 guns. In this ship the present Earl Nelson accompanied his brother to the West Indies, for which station they sailed on the 19th of May, 1784.

At the close of this year, Captain Nelson having few active duties to engage him, and a mind incapable of inactivity, paid considerable attention to the commercial interests of his country in the West Indies; his vigilance in exposing and

resisting the illicit trade of the Americans, brought him into many difficulties, by some of which he was harassed for a long time. Our limits preclude us from going into the cases, which it would be impossible to do clearly, unless at considerable length. They show, however, that his vigilance was not confined to an open enemy, or his firmness to action. From the governor of the Leeward Isles, to whom he had made representations of the injuries done to the colonies by the Americans, he received for a reply, 'That old generals were not in the habit of taking advice from young gentlemen:' his answer to this ill-timed piece of flippancy was, 'I have the honour, Sir, of being as old as the prime-minister of England, and think myself as capable of commanding one of his majesty's ships, as that minister is of governing the state.'—His age was at this time twenty-seven.

At Nevis, our hero first became attached to a Mrs. Nisbet, the youthful widow (being not yet eighteen) of Dr. Nisbet, a physician in that island. Mrs. N. was first informed by Capt. Collingwood of the conquest she had made; the correspondence of the lovers, as well previous to their marriage, as afterwards, until the unfortunate time when it ceased, is marked by the most unreserved confidence and attachment. While it is our wish and intention to avoid entering into the domestic concerns and feelings of this couple in the latter years of Lord Nelson's life, it is our duty to state, that after the mind of the husband had lost that warmth of affection, by which it had been formerly touched, he bears the highest testimony to the conduct of the lady, when he calls Heaven to witness that there was nothing in her he could wish otherwise. On the 11th of March, 1787, Captain Nelson received the hand of Mrs. Nisbet; they were married at Nevis, and the Duke of Clarence, who had been for some time a pupil of Nelson, gave away the bride. In June, 1787, the captain returned in the *Boreas* to England, having commanded her for three years in the West Indies, during which period, it is extraordinary, that not an officer or man died out of the whole complement of the ship.

The *Boreas* being paid off on its return, Nelson retired to Burnham Thorpe, where he resided some time in the parsonage. In 1790, when the affair with Spain relative to Nootka Sound had nearly involved us in a war, he tells us,

'I made use of every interest to get a ship, nay a boat, to serve my country, but in vain; there was evidently a prejudice against me at the Admiralty, which I can neither guess at, nor account for.'

The neglect which was shewn to the repeated applications of Nelson for some employment during a space of three years, was in some measure relieved by the warm interest many of his friends took in his welfare, among whom the Duke of Clarence, Lord Collingwood, and Captain Cornwallis were the most prominent. What could be more grating to a mind so conscious of its own ability, than the following official reply to his request from the Admiralty :

‘Sir, I have received your letter expressing your readiness to serve, and I have read the same to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.’

He was at last roused from his retirement at Burnham Thorpe, where he had been trying to divert his mind with farming occupations, by the opening of the war with France, in 1793. With what different ideas an officer, eager for employment, looks on the commencement of an eventful war, from those of the colder blooded politician, may be collected from his letter to his wife, on his receiving the command of the *Agamemnon* of 64 guns, at this period.

‘Post nubila Phœbus—The Admiralty so shine on me, that really I am as much surprized as when they frowned.’

The *Agamemnon* sailed with the armament under Lord Hood, for the Mediterranean : the proceedings of the fleet were detailed in a journal from Captain Nelson to the Duke of Clarence. On the 29th of August, in the same year, Lord Hood took possession of the arsenal of Toulon, and Capt. Nelson was dispatched to Naples to procure some Neapolitan troops to man the works, which were threatened by the French republican General Carteaux. During this visit to Naples, say our authors, he was first introduced to their Sicilian majesties, and being lodged in the house of the British ambassador, he commenced that friendship with Sir W. and Lady Hamilton, which had so powerful an influence, both over his professional and private life.

After the taking of Toulon, Nelson humorously complains that unless parliament grants something to the fleet, the Jacks would not be well satisfied, as all they got at present was ‘honour and salt-beef.’

The attention paid to our hero as well by the king of Naples, as the English minister at his court, was highly flattering. The first engagement that took place between the *Agamemnon* and the enemy is of so gallant a nature, that we cannot refrain from quoting a statement of it from one of Nelson’s letters,

'On the 22d of October, off Sardinia, having only 345 men at quarters, we fell in with, and chased the following French men of war from Tunis—Melpomene, 44 guns, 400 men; La Minerve, 44 guns, 400 men; La Fortunée, 44 guns, 500 men; Le Foucler, 24 guns, 220 men; and a brig of 14 guns, 100 men. The Agamemnon, after a firing of near four hours, so disabled the Melpomene, (as supposed) she being apparently in a sinking state, that the other ships declined bringing the Agamemnon to action again, and as it appeared to take care of their companion, since they had the option to renew the engagement for three hours, after the Melpomene hauled from us. The Agamemnon was so cut to pieces as to be unable to haul the wind towards them.'

Shortly after this period, the impossibility of holding Toulon became evident; the jealousies of our Spanish and Neapolitan allies, and the strength of the French army before the town, amounting to 40,000 men, the artillery of which was commanded by Buonaparte, then a captain, all conspired to this effect. The dreadful scene of the abandonment of the place is detailed in a letter from Lord Nelson to the Duke of Clarence.

The reduction of Corsica followed, in which Capt. Nelson bore a most active part;

'My seamen,' says he, in a letter to his wife, 'are now what British seamen ought to be, to you I may say it, almost invincible; they really mind shot no more than peas.'

During eight weeks his services were on shore while besieging Bastia. At the siege of Calvi, Nelson was wounded in the right eye, which he afterwards lost, though at the time he modestly termed it in his dispatch to Lord Hood, 'a little hurt.'

Nothing very material occurred in the Mediterranean, till Admiral Hotham's engagement with the French fleet, on the 13th of March, 1795; though this was not a brilliant victory, Corsica, and perhaps Italy, were saved by it. In the course of this year, his majesty appointed Nelson one of the colonels of marines; during the greater part of which he was employed in cooperating with the Austrians and Sardinians in the north of Italy, whose tardiness but ill agreed with the activity, personal as well as mental, of the English captain.

Towards the end of the year 1795, Captain Nelson was ordered to put himself under the command of the present Earl St. Vincent; of this noble officer, Nelson appears to have entertained a very high opinion.

A good deal of information may be collected from the present work on the state of Italy previous to the campaign of 1796; the good will of the king of Sardinia, and the spirit of the queen of Naples, while unsupported by their degenerate governments, were but weak allies against the unwearied exertions of the French. It will now be necessary for us to pass over the remaining services of our hero, while under the command of Sir John Jervis, and serving chiefly on the coasts of Italy, and to carry our reader on to the glorious day of the 14th of February, 1797, in which Nelson bore so conspicuous a share, when the great blow was given to the Spanish navy by that gallant admiral.

The British force consisted of fifteen sail of the line, amongst which were two ships of 100 guns, two of 98, eight of 74, one of 64, with a sloop, a cutter, and four frigates. The Spanish fleet of twenty-seven line-of-battle ships, amongst which was a four-decker, the *Santissima Trinidad*, 136 guns; six three-deckers, each of 112; two of 84, and eighteen of 74, with ten frigates and a brig. The Spanish admiral, while passing Gibraltar, had been informed that the British fleet consisted of only nine sail, and had, therefore, passed by Cadiz with a view of seeking an engagement with so very inferior a force; he was afterwards alarmed by a false signal from his look-out frigate, that the English force consisted of forty sail. This intelligence produced great trepidation throughout the Spanish fleet. Sir John Jervis, whose ships during the night had been drawn together in the most compact order of sailing, waited for the dawn of day. On the 14th, he got up with the enemy, before they had formed a regular order of battle. Captain Troubridge in the *Culloden*, led into action; a few minutes before noon the firing commenced on the leading ship of the enemy, and nine of his ships were cut off from his line, which they in vain attempted to rejoin. So much of the admiral's plan having succeeded, the signal was made for the British fleet to attack in succession. The Spanish admiral attempted to join his ships to leeward by wearing round the rear of our line; this was perceived by Commodore Nelson, who, to prevent the scheme, ordered his ship to be wore, and passing between the *Diadem*, *Capain Towry*, and the *Excellent*, Captain Collingwood, got into action with the headmost, and of course leewardmost of the Spanish division, which were the *Santissima Trinidad* of 136, *San Josef* 112, *Salvador* 112, *San Nicolas* 80, *San Isidro* 74, another first-rate, and another 74. In this dreadful contest he was supported by Troubridge in the *Culloden*; it lasted for near an

hour, with only the occasional respite of the Blenheim passing between the conflicting parties; at the end of this time the *Salvador* and *San Isidro* dropped astern, and struck to Captain Collingwood, who, however, as Nelson says, 'prepared rescuing an old messmate and friend, to taking possession of beaten enemies, and gallantly pushed up with every sail.' The *Excellent* passing on for the *S. Trinidad*, the Captain, Nelson's ship, resumed her station alongside the *San Nicolas* and *San Josef*; but at this time having lost her foretopmast, being wholly unserviceable for the line or chase, Nelson called for the boarders, and ordered them to board. The account of this service we will abstract from Nelson's own words, which where speaking of his own services, are always concise.

'The soldiers of the 69th and Lieutenant Pierson of the same regiment were the foremost in this service; the first man who jumped into the mizen-chains was Captain Berry; Captain Miller was also in the act of going, but I ordered him to remain. A soldier of the 69th having broken the upper quarter-gallery window, jumped in, followed by myself and others as fast as possible; the cabin doors were fastened, and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at us through the windows, but having burst the doors, the soldiers fired, and the Spanish Commodore fell as retreating to the quarter-deck; having pushed on to the quarter-deck, I found Captain Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down.'

When possession of the *San Nicolas* had been taken in this gallant way,

'I directed (says Nelson) my brave fellows to board the *San Josef*, a first-rate, which was done in an instant, Captain Berry assisting me into the main-chains; at this moment a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-rail, and said they surrendered. From this welcome intelligence, it was not long before I was on the quarter-deck, when the Spanish captain, with a bended knee, presented me his sword, and told me the admiral was dying of his wounds below. I asked him on his honour if the ship was surrendered, he declared she was, and on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extraordinary as it may seem, did I receive the swords of vanquished Spaniards, which as I received, I gave to W. Fearney, one of my bargemen, who put them with the greatest sang froid under his arm. The *Victory* passing saluted us with three cheers, as did every ship in the fleet.'

Such was the share Nelson bore in the memorable battle off Cape St. Vincent: all comment on his actions on that day would be superfluous. He fortunately escaped with only a few bruises,

Some days previous to the above battle, Nelson had been promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, but his promotion did not reach him till after that event. A most affectionate letter from his father on the occasion closes the first volume. He was created a Knight of the Bath, and presented with the freedom of Norwich and Bath for his services, and complimented by the addresses of various other corporate bodies.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. XI.—*A Tour through Cornwall in the Autumn of 1808. By the Rev. Richard Warner, of Bath.* London, Wilkie & Robinson.

THIS tour is related in a series of letters. The first of these is dated from Ashburton, to which place the writer had proceeded by the high road from Bath. In this letter, as in the rest of the volume, our author mingles matter both fresh and stale, old and new. We have liberal communications from preceding writers, interspersed with occasional reflections, and seasoned, here and there, with such anecdotes, or jokes, as the research, or the memory of the writer could furnish. Out of these ingredients, Mr. Warner has composed a Cornish tour; which, in this age of desultory reading, may amuse those who seek only for amusement; and we do not suppose that our worthy author designed any thing more than to produce a work which might please sufficiently to have a tolerable sale.

While Mr. W. is travelling along a good turnpike road, we find him doubting whether the improvements in the English highways

* could be fairly considered as promotive of the *real* happiness of our country. Are they not, said we, the means by which luxury spreads her poison from large towns into the quiet retreats of rural simplicity? Have they not a tendency to injure the morals and pervert the manners of the country, by importing thither the vices and habits and fashions of corrupted cities? Do they not enable the idle and the dissipated to overwhelm the sequestered abodes of contented industry, and by exhibiting new and dazzling modes of life, to excite expensive emulation, or envious dissatisfaction? And are not the visits of the rich and extravagant ramblers, who by these means penetrate with ease into the most remote recesses of the island, invariably attended with a rise in the cost of every article of life, in the places to which they are thus perpetually migrating? It is true,

indeed, to all this may be answered, that the present convenience of travelling throughout England facilitates the *intercourse* of distant places; gives activity to the internal *trade* of the country; and above all, improves, promotes, and extends *civilization* through the land. Allowing thus much, however, I would still contend, we are yet without sufficient *proof* that the improvements in our public roads are promotive of the *real* happiness of our country. Frequent and intimate *intercourse* gives wings to corruption, and makes that licentiousness general, which, without its aid, would be only partial. Internal *trade*, beyond a certain limit, is the parent of luxury and profuse expense; of which the one only increases our wants, and the other, in endeavouring to satisfy them, plunges us into misery and ruin; and *civilization* is an ambiguous term, being either a good or an evil, a blessing or a curse, according to the degree to which it has arrived, or the measure which it has exceeded. Indeed, there is no question relating to the happiness of man in his aggregate character so difficult to be determined, as the exact point at which civilization should stop in order to produce the greatest possible degree of public felicity. To me, I confess, it appears, that all the writers on political economy are equally distant from the truth in their reasonings on this subject.

We are not so sceptical as Mr. Warner with respect to the advantages of good roads, and improved modes of communication between man and man. The more facility is given to social communication or to commercial exchange, by means of roads and canals, the more will the general comfort of the people be equalized, and the industry of individuals be excited. Increased facilities of communication tend to augment the mass of knowledge by removing the obstacles to its diffusion. Where roads are bad, and communication slow and difficult, the mass of information is confined to the capital; and there is not that rapid transition of sentiment and opinion from the head to the extremities of the empire, which is requisite in a well-regulated government; and without which, no state can avail itself in the most advantageous manner, of the physical and moral strength of its population.

When Mr. Warner supposes that 'frequent and intimate intercourse gives wings to corruption, and makes that licentiousness general, which, without its aid, would only be partial,' he forgets that the passions and appetites are not produced by the throng of society, but are equally strong and more dangerous in the shade of privacy. The presence of a man's fellow-creatures is alone a check on many irregularities of conduct; and public opinion, the operation of which is most felt where individuals are most numerous, and com-

munication most rapid, is of itself a great restraint on many vicious propensities.

Moralists and divines have often indulged in vague and empty declamation against *luxury*. If by *luxury* they mean *excess* in any gratification, it is certainly a vice which merits reprobation. But in this sense, the vice of *luxury* may with as much justice be ascribed to the poor man, who gets drunk with ale, as to the rich man who steepes his wit in Burgundy; to him who eats *immoderately* off a single dish, as to him who does the same on a multiplicity of viands. All *excess* is bad; but *luxury* is not necessarily *excess*. If by *luxury* we mean variety and costliness of enjoyments, we ask Mr. Warner and any other divine, in what the sin of *luxury* consists, as long as these various and costly enjoyments are temperately used? A man may make his dinner at a table, where he finds two or three courses, and exhibit more virtue and philosophy than another who dines off bacon and eggs. No man is viciously luxurious, however diversified and expensive his modes of gratification are, as long as his pleasures are regulated by the rule of temperance, and in a reasonable proportion to his means.

Internal trade may be called 'the parent of luxury and expence.' But we have already seen that 'luxury and expence' do not deserve blame as far as the one and the other are regulated by moral rules, and proportioned to the circumstances of individuals. Every thing may be abused; and little as well as much, *poverty* as well as *wealth*. Internal trade, considered in its general operations and results, must be beneficial in proportion as it is extended. For the wealth of individuals, or the means of improving their condition, and increasing their happiness, must be augmented by every increase in the productive powers of their industry or capital, which is more favoured by the stimulus of internal trade, than by any other cause.

Civilization is not, as our author imagines, 'an ambiguous term; any more than humanity, or health, or happiness are ambiguous terms; nor is civilization a good or an evil, according to any graduated scale. For every degree of civilization is good; though a less degree of it must necessarily be a less good than a greater degree. - If we consider a state of civilization, as opposite to one of ferocity and barbarism, can this opposition ever be carried too far, or is there any danger lest a nation should ever become too gentle and humane? If there be, then the precepts of christianity, which are part of the great scheme, which Providence has formed for promoting the civilization of his creatures, and for ren-

dering them in the highest degree mild, and kind, and amiable, ought to be the object of our aversion and our dread. But let us not be told that man must be deteriorated if he is civilized *beyond a certain point*. The acme, or highest point of civilization can never be attained; but the nearer approaches any community makes to that point, the greater must be its stock of real happiness, the more pacific its councils, and the more wise and liberal its political institutions.

When Mr. Warner says that to him 'it appears that *all* the writers on political economy are equally distant from the truth in their reasonings on this subject,' he makes pretensions to an extent of reading on the one hand, and to a force of discrimination on the other, which, if they be not adverse to truth, are hardly compatible with modesty.

Mr. Warner remarks with a little too much *verbiage*, that

'the circumstance of its modern history, which reflects the greatest credit upon Ashburton, is that of its being the birth-place of John Dunning lord Ashburton; and well may it be proud of a production of such rare value, and extensive utility, of a man of such great natural powers, and unusual acquirements. The general knowledge of the late lord Ashburton was as solid as diversified; and his acquaintance with every branch of human information that bore upon his profession, as clear as it was profound.'

'It is a pleasing circumstance to the friends of Revelation to reflect, that the great mind of lord Ashburton may be added to the preponderating class of superior intellect, which has acknowledged and asserted the divinity of our religion. He was a firm believer of Christianity, a belief, I doubt not, built upon cool conviction; since he has been heard often to declare, that if the evidences in favour of it could be made an abstract subject of judicial determination, they were such as would be altogether satisfactory and convincing to any court of law, in which they might be sifted, and to every enlightened jury to whom they might be proposed. As his lordship cannot, I presume, be denied to have possessed the deepest and most accurate knowledge of the *nature and rules of evidence*, the argument in favour of the authenticity of Revelation, drawn from his declaration, is as compleat, as such a species of argument can be.'

We do not know from what source Mr. Warner derived all this information; but we have been told by those who were well acquainted with lord Ashburton, that he was not quite so void of scepticism on certain subjects, as Mr. W. asserts.

We do not know whether the author intended the words, which he has marked in *italics* in the following extract, as a

pun or *equivoque*. If he did, we would not advise him to make any similar attempts.

'There cannot be imagined a finer picture for the watery eye of a *piscine* epicure, than the department of the fishmongers in Plymouth-Dock market, whilst this article of food is in season.'

When our traveller enters Cornwall he is gratified by the sight of some oxen, harnessed to the plough; and he tells us that 'whilst the hinds are driving these patient slaves along the furrows, they continually cheer them with *conversation*, denoting approbation and pleasure.' This conversation between the hind and the ox impressed Mr. Warner's mind with the idea of the time when the present laws of the natural world will be reversed, and 'the wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard with the kid.'

The nudity of the Cornish scenery caused our author to bid 'adieu to all the features of the picturesque,' and to quit 'the entertainments of taste for the gratification of *dry curiosity*.' But Mr. Warner very sagely observes, that

'Nature is a *wise and thrifty housewife*; who, with a *judicious impartiality*, equalizes the advantages of every place, and with a strict *justice* denies her *favours* of one kind, when she has lavished her *bounty* in another way.'

We are happy to find that a gentleman of Mr. Warner's comprehensive mind *approves* of the proceedings of nature, and acquits this '*wise and thrifty housewife*' of any injustice in her conduct. But, we beg leave to ask him what *justice* has to do with *favours* and *bounty*. It is the property of justice to give to every one his due; but favours and bounty are the gratuitous acts of a Beneficent Mind. Justice has a regard to claim or to desert; but we do not see how that claim can be established, or that desert proved, either by the rich Devonshire vallies or the bleak Cornish moors.

Mr. Warner has filled up three or four pages of his tour with an account of the Edystone light-house, for which he appears to have been indebted to that convenient repository of information, the Edinburgh Encyclopedia.

We cannot conceive for what purpose Mr. W. should have inserted the story about the '*lammy pie*,' at p. 141, 2, unless it were to excite the nausea of his readers, which the conclusion will not fail to do. Mr. W. celebrates the beauty, freshness, and roundness of form of the Cornish fair in the lower ranks of life, and one of his friends ascribes it to a cause which we should not, at first sight, have supposed to have had much share in the production.

A peculiar smoothness in the texture of their skin, its delicacy and healthy colour, were too obvious not to attract our attention; nor could we at all account for such appearances in women exposed to the external air so much, and condemned to such homely fare as this hardy race are, till we understood from an intelligent friend that they arose from the oily nature of their common diet, which consists chiefly of pilchards. He confirmed his remark by assuring us, that he had seen the same effects produced by the same mode of living in different parts of the world; and that on the peninsula of India in particular they were strikingly observable in the people who inhabited the sea coast of Malabar, where a similar fish diet occasioned the like plumpness of form, and delicacy of the external cuticle. Rank as the pilchard may be esteemed by those who are unaccustomed to eat it, yet throughout Cornwall it is considered as the greatest delicacy; and happy is it that taste goes hand in hand with necessity in this instance, for I know not what would become of the lower classes of the people here, if they turned with disgust from an article which constitutes their chief support. It is gratifying to observe how they enjoy the only dish on which they can depend with any certainty for a sufficient meal; and though the fastidious epicure might shrink back with some abhorrence from a Cornish peasant's table, which rarely exhibits more than a dish of pilchards chopt up with raw onions and salt, diluted with cold water, eaten with the fingers, and accompanied with barley or oaten cakes; yet I confess we never contemplated these honest people round their board, blest with a good appetite, and contented with what they had, without catching the infection of hunger, and being willing to partake of their humble fare. As the pilchard forms the most important article of the food of the Cornish lower classes, and as it is a migratory fish, continuing on the coast only for a few summer months, it is an object with the cottagers to secure, during this season, a sufficient quantity of pilchards for their winter consumption, when they are absent from the coast. For this purpose, each cottager (on an average) lays by about 1000 fish, which are salted, and either packed together, or hung up separately. The quantity of salt necessary for this process is about seven pounds to the hundred fish, which, till the late rise on the duty of that article, might be procured at three-half-pence per pound; and the whole stock cured at an expence of 8s. 9d. But *tempora mutantur*; salt is now increased to 4d. per pound, and 1000 fish cannot be cured under 1l. 3s. 4d. a sum of terrifying, if not of unattainable magnitude to a man who only gets six or at the most seven shillings for his weekly labour, which is the usual rate of wages for a peasant about the Land's End. Perhaps the ingenuity or malignity of man never suggested an impost so oppressive to the lower classes, particularly of the county we are at present interested in, as this unnatural addition to the duty upon one of the most necessary articles of

life. Indeed we found the peasantry and fishermen sufficiently sensible of the burthen; and we blessed God, that we were not the financiers who had invented an imposition that excited those murmurs, not loud but deep, which met our ear, on this account, wherever we went.'

We entirely agree with our traveller in reprobating the augmentation of the tax on salt; than which one more generally oppressive and consequently impolitic was hardly ever devised by any government.

The following instance of fool-hardiness, which is related by Mr. W. will, we hope, not be repeated; and we extract it as a caution to others who might be inclined to make the attempt.

'The promontory of the Land's End thrusts itself into the waves in a wedge-like form, gradually tapering towards a point, till it meets the waves. About two hundred yards before it terminates, a sudden depression takes place in its surface, which continues falling with a pretty rapid descent for some distance. The southern side of this portion of the promontory is absolutely perpendicular; its base covered with masses of rock, which at high tides and in stormy weather are mingled with the surf. Its greatest width does not exceed 50 yards; and its elevation above the water cannot be less than 250 feet. Common prudence would seem to interdict an approach to the point over such a dangerous passage as this, by any other mode than that of walking.'

But a traveller who visited the spot the year before our author, had the temerity to attempt this perilous way, by a more ostentatious mode than that of pedestrian security.

'He was mounted on a valuable spirited horse, and had proceeded to the declivity just mentioned, though the animal before he reached it had evinced every mark of astonishment at the novelty of the scene before him. Here the guide requested him to dismount, but in vain; the *glory* of the *achievement* of reaching the last rock on horseback preponderated over every representation of danger, and on he rode. With some difficulty he prevailed on his horse to carry him to the point; but the mingled roar of the wind and waves, and the horrid forms of the rocks, which lift their craggy heads on all sides, so terrified the beast that he became unmanageable. He snorted, plunged, reared, and exhibited every symptom of ungovernable fear. The gentleman, convinced too late of his rashness and folly, turned him to the main land, and spurred him forwards. Insensible, however, to every thing but the impression of dread, the animal curvetted to the brink of the precipice. The fate of the rider hung upon a moment. He threw himself with despe-

ration on the ground from the back of his horse, which the next instant plunged down the precipice, and was dashed to atoms. The guides afterwards recovered the bridle and saddle by descending on the northern side of the point, and passing through a perforation at the bottom, to the rocks on which the animal had fallen. The only particulars we could learn of his rider, were, that he was taken up more dead than alive, with terror, and that his nervous system had been so shaken by the adventure, as still to remain in the most shattered state.

We are happy to find Mr. Warner adding his testimony to the improved habits and manners of the Cornish miners.

'The customs which, some years ago, brutalized the miners of Cornwall, and kept them in a state little better than that of savages, are now, in a great measure, exploded; the desperate wrestling matches, for prizes, that frequently terminated in death or mutilation; the inhuman cock-fights, which robbed the miners of what little feeling they possessed, and often left them plunged in debt and ruin; the pitched battles which were fought between the workmen of different mines or different parishes, and constantly ended in blood; and the riotous revelings held on particular days, when the gains of labour were always dissipated in the most brutal debauchery, are now of very rare occurrence, and will probably, in the course of a few years, be only remembered in tradition; the spots where these scenes of disorder were held, being now inclosed, and a great part of them covered with the habitations of the miners.'

This moral amelioration is ascribed to the Wesleyan Methodists. It gives us great pleasure to have an opportunity of recording any instance of the good deeds of this busy sect. In another part of his work Mr. W. mentions other agents besides those of spiritual admonition, which seem to have had their share in altering the ancient Cornish modes.

'With the disappearance of their language, the Cornish have lost almost all those provincial peculiarities in customs and amusements, which distinguished them from the inhabitants of other English counties. Their dangerous wrestling and hurling matches are now of much rarer occurrence than heretofore; the spirit of sport has nearly evaporated, and that of industry supplied its place. *The occupations in the mining countries fill up the time of those engaged in them too effectually to allow leisure for prolonged revels, or frequent festivities; and in the other parts of Cornwall, the constant pursuits of steady labour have banished the traditional times and seasons of vulgar riot and dissipation.*

Trade and commerce, by stimulating the industry of nations, will be ultimately found to be very active and powerful

causes in augmenting not only their wealth but their stock of moral worth. We shall here take leave of Mr. Warner, wishing him as much pleasure in his next excursion, as he appears to have experienced in his Cornish tour.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 12.—*The Duties of the Clergy; a Sermon, preached at the Visitation of the Rev. James Philpott, D. D. Archdeacon of Bath, on Wednesday, June 27th, 1810. By the Rev. R. Warner, Curate of St. James's, Bath, and Rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts. London, Wilkie and Robinson, 1810, 8vo: 1s. 6d.*

THIS sermon was not ill adapted to the occasion on which it was preached. The topics of eulogy and exhortation which are common at such times are briefly and plainly touched;—and the spirit of the discourse is sufficiently liberal except towards a certain class of persons, who happen to think differently from Mr. Warner, and of whom he says, in a style of declamation, which, if it be tolerated in the pulpit, ought to be a little chastened, when it is published from the press, that they are '*unrepressed by evidence, unabated by candour, unsatisfied with fact;*' that they '*stoop to the most abject subterfuges,*' '*clamour with the loudest insolence,*' that they are '*malignant in intention,*' and inflamed with the '*lust of mischief.*' Now, we are inclined to believe that our zealous preacher is here effusing his spiritual wrath against an imaginary foe. We are not acquainted with the writings of any anti-revelationists at present in this country, who merit the invective which Mr. W. has so liberally bestowed. Besides, Mr. W. should consider that the true Christian spirit, is not that which rails either against Turks, Jews, or Infidels. All are children of the same common father; and if they are not thought too unworthy to be named in the prayers of the established church,* surely there is no reason why they should be assailed by the anathemas of her ministers. The constitution of the human mind, the glorious work of wisdom infinite, will, we trust, bear testimony to the assertion that belief, or disbelief, is rather the effect of necessity than of choice. Both are indeed involuntary; and therefore to ascribe either the one or the other to *malignity of intention*, is to exhibit no uncertain mark of a mind

* See the Collects for Good Friday.

not much enlarged by knowledge, and of a heart but little imbued with moderation. That Christian has been brought up rather at the feet of Gamaliel than of Jesus, who cannot extend the right hand of kindness and beneficence to every human being under heaven. How indeed can the religionist, who is taught to call God his Father, presume to limit his goodness, and to withhold his mercy from any of his children? Is this to preach Jesus, who said that in his Father's house there were many mansions; and in these mansions is there likely to be any want of room for those who think differently from Mr. Warner, or from any member of the English, the Romish, or any other church?

ART. 13.—*'Der Fleiss im Zeitlichen als das mittel,' &c. Temporal Industry, the Means of practising Christian Beneficence. A Sermon, preached on the 11th of March, 1810, in the German, Lutheran Chapel, in Little Ayliffe Street, London, at the request of the Society for the Support of Foreigners in Distress. By Christian Ernestus Augustus Schwabe, Pastor of the German, Lutheran Congregation. London, Escher, Piccadilly.*

THE author has taken his text from Ephes. iv. 28. and has treated the subject with ability and pathos. We give the following passage in order to induce some of our readers to bestow their mite to the funds of this excellent institution:

'If,' says the preacher to his auditors, 'the society for the relief of foreigners in distress is recommended to your affections by the purpose for which it was established, how much more must it attract your regard from the many beneficent acts which it has already performed, and which it is performing every week. Notwithstanding its very circumscribed means, it has already either removed or alleviated the distresses of many hundreds of unfortunate strangers, from every region of the globe. It already bestows a weekly allowance on more than fifty poor persons, whom age or infirmities have rendered incapable of work. It has ministered counsel and solace to numerous sick and maimed in the public hospitals, or in other places; it has procured for many a long wished-for return to their native land; and it has provided others with the means of gaining an honest livelihood. In this society the ignorant have found a faithful counsellor, and the innocent captive a deliverance from oppression.' 'Are not these sufficient proofs of the real excellence of the institution, and of the strong claims which it has to the support of every lover of his species?'

Subscriptions are received by W. Vaughan, Esq. Treasurer, Dunster Court, Mincing Lane; and by Charles Murray, Esq. Secretary, No. 21, Birchin Lane, Corn Hill.

POLITICS.

ART. 14.—*An Exposition of the Conduct of France towards America; illustrated by Cases decided in the Council of Prizes.* By Lewis Goldsmith, Notary Public, Author of '*the Crimes of Cabinets*,' &c. &c. Third Edition, 8vo. London, Richardson, 1810.

WHEN the conduct of the French government towards America is compared with that of the British government, the injustice, bad faith, and enormities of every description, of which Buonaparte and his ministers have been guilty, are placed in a very striking light. If, on the other hand, we compare the conduct of America towards France, and towards this country, we perceive, in the first instance, nothing but cringing servility and fawning acquiescence under every species of vexation, of plunder, and of violence; and, in the other, swaggering menace and clamorous complaint either for petty injuries, or even for fancied wrongs. The Americans submitted, with hardly a murmur of opposition, to the atrocious piracies and indefinite ravage which were perpetrated against their commerce under the sanction of the Berlin and the Milan decrees. But, when the British government, issued its order in council, of Nov. 17, 1807, the Americans raised a loud clamour about the infraction of their independent rights and the violation of the law of nations.

'Two enemies,' says Mr. Goldsmith, 'are contending: the Americans are perfectly neutrals to the quarrel; but for some reason known *only* to themselves, they submit *quietly* to the restraints arbitrarily imposed on them by the *one*; and when the *other* tells them you shall not lend my enemy a sword, with which he means to accomplish my destruction; they complain bitterly of this prohibition.

We remember the noise and uproar that were occasioned in America, by the search which was made in one or two instances for English seamen on board ships of the United States. But, hundreds of American seamen taken on board of British merchantmen are now prisoners in France.

'They have been reclaimed by the American ministers, but in vain. About twelve months ago, some few were liberated; but the order was countermanded, and they were retaken.

'It may perhaps be argued, and with a degree of *plausibility*, by those unacquainted with the laws of nations, that these Americans, neutrals, were found on board the *ships* of an enemy; this would be correct, if they had been found on board an enemy's *ship of war*, but they were on board *merchant ships*. But, granting that which, on no principle of the law of nations, can be granted, that this conduct of the French government towards these poor individual Americans could be palliated or excused; what shall we say to the clamour raised by the partisans of

America against the seizure from the Chesapeake of *British* seamen, acknowledged *deserters* from *British* ships of war!!

When Buonaparte was at Bayonne, in May 1808, organizing robbery and murder in Spain; an *American* vessel arrived at L'Orient, under a flag of truce from her own government, with dispatches for General Armstrong, and a bag of commercial letters on board, and also a messenger (Lieutenant Nourse.) This vessel was to proceed immediately to England, as she had clearly a right to do as a neutral.

In the first place, the vessel was embargoed: the messenger, however, was allowed to proceed to Paris; but the dispatches were sent to the emperor, for his previous perusal,* and were not till a fortnight afterwards transmitted to General Armstrong. Such an *independent* situation does the American minister hold at Paris; and such profound regard has the magnanimous Napoleon for the rights of neutral and allied nations!!

The commercial bag of letters was forwarded to the office of Fouché, Minister of General Police, where the letters being read, about one half were delivered, and the other, because, as is supposed, they contained some political remarks, were suppressed.

Lieutenant Nourse, though having dispatches for the American Envoy in London, was detained six week in Paris.

A similar circumstance in the case of another flag of truce, which arrived at Havre some time after; but things of this kind do not transpire in America. The agents in Europe of the American government have, in general, too great a predilection for their august ally, to make a faithful report of such infamous transactions.

In the Appendix, Mr. Goldsmith has given cases of numerous American vessels, which have been seized and condemned by the French government, in express violation of the convention between that government and the United States, in September, 1800; and many of them in circumstances, to which even the rigid regulations of the Berlin and Milan decrees could not be applied.

The present 'Exposition' clearly develops the flagrant aggressions of France on the commerce and independence of America; but we think that much of the evil may be ascribed

* In the office of the French minister for Foreign Affairs, there is a collection of *fac similis*, impressions of the various hand-writings and arms of sovereigns, ministers, and of all distinguished men in Europe and in America. Buonaparte has neither much difficulty nor qualms of conscience to open dispatches addressed to ministers accredited to him. By such means he procured easily the surrender of Magdeburgh—a forged letter, purporting to be from the king of Prussia, ordered General Kleist, the governor, to evacuate that fortress, and to join the king on the Oder! This letter was sealed with a seal resembling that of the king of Prussia. The governor was therefore, easily imposed upon.

to the sneaking pusillanimity of the American government in her intercourse with Buonaparte and his ministers. A government which ceases to act with dignity, will soon cease to be respected.

ART. 15.—*The Spirit of the Moment candidly considered; or an Appeal from the Passions to the Judgment of Englishmen.* By a Man of Kent: London, G. Robinson, 1810, 8vo. pp. 32.

THERE are many excellent general reflections in this pamphlet, but some of them are rather too metaphysical and refined for popular apprehension. We heartily agree with the sensible and patriotic writer, that

'those, who feel disposed to correct the improprieties, or to reform the abuses, which may have crept by degrees into any established form of government, can never pursue a more dangerous, nor a more ruinous system, in order to procure so desirable an effect, than one which is founded on the operations of the passions.'

We also agree with the author that 'defamation is the characteristic vice of the age;' and that, though there is no vice more vile, there is no one which is more generally countenanced. No writings, whether political or critical, seem to be read with such luxury of gust as those, whose main object it is to lower the general estimate of individual respectability. Defamation is the favourite *ruse de guerre* with Jacobins and Anti-jacobins, and both parties have within the last twenty years employed it with so much efficacy, as to sink almost every man of virtue, or of talents, either on one side or the other, to the level of vulgar infamy. Some of our demagogues of a certain school have lately learned to deal out their defamation, not only in retail, but in the gross; and have slandered the whole House of Commons, as if they were a mass of unprincipled hirelings and pickpockets. But we cannot see how the great interest of the country is to be promoted by merging the whole body of the national representative in the abyss of popular contempt. There are, no doubt, great defects in the mode, in which some of the members of the House of Commons are chosen, and there may be many venal and corrupt individuals in that assembly; but there is, nevertheless, a large stock of wisdom and of worth, which ought to redeem the character of this august body, from the virulence of indiscriminate abuse. The writer of the present work argues in favour of the much-contested privileges of parliament, not from the force of precedent, but from considerations of utility. He thinks them conducive to the public good.

ART. 16.—*Brief Treatise on the Privileges of the House of Commons.* By W. Burdon. London, Longman, 1810.

THIS, though a brief, is a very clear account, in chronological order, of the several privileges which the House of Commons

have claimed or exercised from the earliest periods of our parliamentary history. We do not perhaps entirely agree with Mr. Burdon in his general conclusion; but we do most thoroughly acquiesce in his opinion, that this is a question, 'which ought not to be determined by precedent,' and that 'precedent ought to weigh nothing against principle, when the liberties of the people are concerned.' Let the question be fairly argued on the ground of expediency, from which alone a conclusion is likely to be drawn favourable to the general interests of the people of England, and of their representatives, of liberty, and of truth. Without at present noticing those privileges of the House, which we believe and hope that nobody calls in question, as that of freedom from arrests and assaults for the persons of its servants and members, let it be inquired whether the particular privilege, which was exercised in the case of Mr. Gale Jones, of inflicting imprisonment in cases of libel, be or be not conducive to the public weal? Let this question be placed in every different point of view; let the probable and the possible good and evil on both sides be accurately stated, and impartially compared, and let a fair and honest decision be formed according to the criterion, not of individual prejudice, but of *national utility*. We shall not, at present, say what our sentiments are on the subject;—but, whatever they may be, even allowing the imprisonment of Mr. Gale Jones to have been an abuse of power, we cannot approve of those, who have converted this individual instance of abuse, into an engine to work on the passions of the multitude, and to render the House of Commons itself the detestation of the populace. Far as the House of Commons may be sunk below the line even of attainable perfection, yet, we are convinced that, bad as it may be, it is the only safe barrier which the people possess against the inroads of despotism.

POETRY.

ART. 17.—*Heroical Epistle from Death to Benjamin Moseley, M. D. on Vaccination; with a Postscript, on some collateral Subjects.* London, Stockdale, Pall-Mall, 4to. 2s. 6d. 1810.

DEATH is lavish in his expressions of fondness for Dr. Moseley; he expresses great vexation and regret at the cruel attempt of one Jenner to deprive him, the said Death, of the friendly aid of Mr. Pethox-minor, or Small-pox.—Death relates with many exulting recollections, the splendid achievements of Mr. Pethox in the ministry of fate. Death, in this epistle sometimes breaks out into a very poetical and touching strain. Witness the following:

'What cautious speed! what trembling dread were shown,
When, in that grave, each fest'ring corpse was thrown;
Midst the dark stillness of the midnight hour,
Slow toll'd the knell, and shook the startled tow'r;

Barr'd was the church, the sexton urg'd his spade,
 And delv'd more deep, by a pale lanthorn's aid,
 That safe such pestful body might be laid.
 The anxious pastor listen'd from afar
 The jolts and gratings of the burial car,
 And mark'd its progress, by the glimmering light,
 Guiding its driver through the stormy night.
 At length it came—a few attendant hinds,
 With feet all-trembling, and all-troubled minds,
 Bore their fear'd burthen from the church-yard's mound,
 And instant sank it in the yawning ground.
 Then rose the pray'r, in accent fast and low,
 Yet every hearer thought it rose too slow.
 And now, the solemn benediction said,
 Quick was the earth pil'd high above the dead.'

We can bear testimony to the accuracy of this mournful scene. This is an animated production.

ART. 18.—*The Statue of the Dying Gladiator, a Poem; being the Prize-Subject at Oxford, but not written for the Prize. By a Non-Academic. Dedicated to the Right Honourable Lord Grenville. London, Cadell, 8vo. 1s.*

These are animated lines and not unworthy of the subject. Our readers will probably be pleased with the following :

'On his swoll'n arm, he rests his tortur'd frame,
 His life, and dearer still, his dying fame :
 For, as he liv'd but in the public eye ;
 So, but for public sport he seems to die.
 His soul still thirsts, unsated, for the praise
 That cheer'd his savage feats in former days ;
 Ere fell Defeat had brought Despair and Shame,
 And nipp'd the growing honours of his name,
 Though in the grasp of Death, he strives to please ;
 Though torn by pangs, denies his suff'rings ease ;
 Studios alone to fall with manly grace,*
 And hold the wonted firmness of his face.†
 His blood, slow trickling from his wounded side,
 Too proud to weep, flows with reluctant tide.
 Weak, faint, and spent, he seems already gone ;
 We start to help—and grasp a form of stone !'

* * The Gladiator is described as being particularly anxious, after having been mortally wounded, *ut procumbat honeste.*

† † It is plainly seen that, in his expiring moments, he exhibits a solicitude to maintain that firmness of aspect, which the Gladiators esteemed so honourable in a dying state.'

NOVELS.

ART. 19.—*Clara de Montfier, a moral Tale.* By *Eliz. Anne Le Noir*, 3 Vols. Reading, Smart and Co. and Rivington.

IN her former novel entitled *Village Anecdotes*, the fair authoress of this work exhibited a faithful and not uninteresting portrait of the manners of English Villagers. In the present composition she presents us in the first volume with a picture of a village in France, such as it was a few years anterior to the revolution. The scene changes in the second to the *island of St. Domingo*, whither her hero is compelled to migrate by the ordinary vicissitudes of military life. In the third volume he appears amidst the gayeties of Paris, with a fine lady whom he had married abroad, and who brings us acquainted with the *haut ton* in that country, while France was still subject to her antient dynasty. The copies which the artist displays of the *middle ranks in France*, and of *Creolians*, in the two former volumes of this novel, appear to be faithful representatives of their originals. Candour calls upon us to add, that though the manners of the higher ranks on the continent, under the government of its former princes, cannot be easily known to the present inhabitants of this island, Mrs. Le Noir may be an exception to this conclusion; being married to an emigré, a *cidevant comte*, and of course furnished with the best means of knowing the habits and ideas of that persecuted race in the days of their prosperity. The description of a *wolf hunt* is amusing, and those of a *French country Gentleman* and *his Son*, though not widely differing in pride and ignorance from the squires in our own country, have some peculiar traits, which must have been drawn from the life. The narrative is embellished by several little poems, some of which are pretty, and of the rest, if there is not much, that we can very highly commend, there is nothing that calls for the severity of criticism. A few instances of negligence occur, in the style of this work; and the story of *Du Hamel*, with which the book concludes, and which is original and well detailed, would have a much better effect if brought into its proper place, the body of the story.

ART. 20.—*Anne of Brittany; an Historical Romance*, 3 Vols. London, Cradock, 1810. 13s. 6d.

THE author of this romance endeavours in the preface to combat the objections which are invariably made to all heterogeneous mixtures of history with fiction, by asserting that history is rendered more interesting when 'ornamented and touched by the magic wand of fancy.' The writer also imagines that those who are ignorant of the facts, on which a romance may be founded, may be induced to search the pages of history to convince themselves how far the author of it has adhered to the truth, or trespassed on the credulity of the reader.

Many lovers of romance are too apt to take all they peruse for granted, and are too much delighted with the fiction, to trouble themselves to discover whether or not the author has adhered to the canons of historical truth. As the great requisite in history is *truth*, we do not see how the interest of truth is to be increased by being blended with lies; and we fear that those who peruse with avidity the fictions of the novelist, will soon lose all relish for the dry details of the historian.

But to turn to the romance. Anne of Brittany is not devoid of interest as far as the author follows the thread of history, to which he, for the most part, faithfully adheres. The only romance, if romance it may be termed, is the constant and ardent attachment, portrayed between Anne of Brittany and Louis de Valois, duke of Orleans, which is preserved in spite of various trials, disappointments, and court intrigues. The character of Anne is very pleasing, and forms a good contrast with that of the lady of Beaujeu, the regent of France. The former combines all the softness, elegance, and amiability of private life, with the chastened dignity of majesty. In the latter we observe the malignity, the intriguing and revengeful disposition for which she was so notorious. The description of the tournaments and court amusements are the same as in other romances of this species. We have shivered lances and disarmed knights, and tokens of merit bestowed, in the usual way, by the fair hands of the lady appointed on these occasions. Our author (whether male or female) has evinced much taste in his manner of dressing the captivating Anne of Brittany; the description of which will not only amuse, but aid the taste of many of our beautiful countrywomen. This little work is well written, and does not weary by its length. We cannot say that it excites much interest by its novelty; but it certainly does not offend by its grossness or immorality. On the contrary, the interview which takes place between Anne of Brittany and the duke of Orleans her lover, is managed with great delicacy and propriety. The noble act of sacrificing our own wishes for the good of others, is well exemplified in the character of Anne, who is afterwards rewarded for her generous conduct by her union with the man whom she so faithfully loved, and whom she had before given up for the welfare of her country.

MEDICINE.

ART. 21.—*An English Catalogue of Drugs, with their Properties, Doses to Children, and Adults, the proper Vehicle for their Exhibition, and the retail Price annexed to each Article. To which is added a Description of the different Medicine and Chemical Chests, &c. &c. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged. By Reece, Burgess and Co. of the Chemical and Medical Hall, Bedford Street, Covent Garden. London, Burton, Henrietta Street. 1810, 2s.*

THIS is a very convenient work, and contains in a short compass a great deal of useful medical information.

ART. 22.—*The Monthly Compendium of Medicine, Surgery, Midwifery, Pharmacy, &c. By the Independent Corresponding Medical Society of London.* London, Burton, Henrietta Street.

THIS compendium is published in monthly numbers at 1s. each; and while it contains many miscellaneous particulars relative to the present state of medicine, surgery, &c. it affords some salutary elucidations of quackery and imposture.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 23.—*Every Man his own Cattle Doctor; or a practical Treatise on the Diseases of Horned Cattle; wherein is laid down a concise and familiar Description of all the Diseases incident to Oxen, Cows, and Sheep; together with the most simple and effectual Method of curing each Disorder through all its various Stages; and the most efficacious Treatment of Cows, before, at, and after the time of Calving, and also of Ewes during their Lambing Season.* By Francis Clater, Chemist and Druggist, Retford, Author of 'Every Man his own Farrier.' London, Crosby, 1810.

THE author informs us that this treatise is the result of an extensive practice of upwards of forty years. The diseases of oxen, cows, and sheep are described with brevity and distinctness, so as not to omit any important symptom, and yet not to burden the mind by a multiplicity of minutiae, which tend not to fix the character of the particular malady by which the animal is distressed. The most efficacious modes of cure are perspicuously explained; and the pharmaceutical preparations are judiciously combined. This is, in short, a work, which will be found of great practical utility to the owners of sheep and cows; and we have no doubt but that they will find it eminently serviceable in alleviating the sufferings, curing the complaints, and preserving the lives of those valuable animals.

ART. 24.—*A series of original Experiments on the Foot of the living Horse, exhibiting the Changes produced by Shoeing, and the Causes of the apparent Mystery of this Art.* By Bracy Clark, Veterinary Surgeon, F. L. S. &c. London, Sherwood, 1809, 4to, Part 1st, 10s. 6d.

WE have found more just and philosophical ideas on the nature of the horse's foot in this work than in any which we ever perused by any practitioner of the veterinary art. Mr. Clark took a cast of the foot of a beautiful mare, belonging to George Hobson, Esq. which had attained its perfect growth, as the animal had been permitted to run wild and unshod till she had attained the age of five years. Mr. Clark has given a representation of the same foot, after it had undergone the process of shoeing for one, two, and three years. These plates render the effect of shoeing on the shape and dimensions of the foot very visible and distinct. We shall be happy to see the second part.

of this valuable work, and to lay before our readers the practical conclusions of the ingenious author.

ART. 25.—*Die Deutsche Blumenlese, being a selection of Pieces in Prose and Verse, from the most approved German Authors; intended to serve the advanced Scholar as a progressive Introduction to the German Language, and the Admirers of Continental Literature; with a Series of agreeable and instructive Reading.* London, Boosey, 1810.

MR. Bell has evinced much good sense and judgment in the choice of the pieces of which this volume is composed. They are well calculated to improve the student in the knowledge of the German idiom; and at the same time to interest him during the perusal. The materials of this anthology have been selected from some of the best of the German literati.

ART. 26.—*A statistical Synopsis of the Physical and Political Strength of the chief Powers of Europe, down to the Peace of Vienna, 1809; with a Table of the Routes and Distances from London to all the Capitals in the World.* By William Ticken, Professor of Mathematics, Geography, and History, and Author of the 'Historical Chart of the Reign of George the Third. London, Sherwood, 1810. 4to, 2s. 6d.

THIS is a very ingenious and very useful work. More statistical information is compressed into a single quarto page, by means of a most skilfully arranged chart, than is to be found in some large and expensive publications.

ART. 27.—*Caleb Quotem and his Wife! Paint, Poetry, and Putty, an Opera in three Acts. To which is added a Postscript, including the Scene always played in the Review, or Wags of Windsor, taken from this Piece, by G. Colman, Esq. With Prefatory Remarks, &c. By Henry Lee, Manager of the Theatres, Taunton, Barnstaple, &c.* London, J. Richardson.

MR. Lee accuses Mr. Colman of having stolen the character of Caleb Quotem from this piece, and introduced it in his farce of the Review. The two characters, which are sufficiently droll, evidently issue from the same mint; and Mr. Lee seems, as far as we can judge from the statement of only one of the parties, to have made out his claim to be the original inventor and proprietor of this dramatic exhibition. In this production, as in so many others of the modern stage, instead of that comic energy which gives a vivid but natural picture of men as they are, and of life as it is, we find only the odd combinations and distortions of caricature, which may amuse, but can never instruct.

ART. 28.—*Jus ecclesiasticum Anglicanum; or the Government of the Church of England exemplified and illustrated.* By Nathaniel Highmore, Doctor and Professor of Civil Law, Member of Jesus College, Cambridge, and commissioned Advocate in his Majesty's Courts of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction. London, Budd, 1810. 4to, 1l. 1s.

WE have, in a former number of the C. R. noticed the grievous hardship which Dr. Highmore has experienced in being

prevented from practising as an advocate in the courts of Civil and Canon law holden in Doctors' Commons. The refusal was grounded on the plea that he, Dr. Highmore, had formerly taken the orders of a deacon. But according to the canons of the church, and to immemorial usage, both priests and deacons have not only been permitted to exercise the important office of advocate in the ecclesiastical courts, but laymen were expressly prohibited from practising in those courts till the 37th of Henry VIII. Indeed the education of clergymen seems, in a peculiar manner, to qualify them for the office, from which Dr. Highmore has been excluded by a bye law of the corporate body of the commons, only because he had the misfortune to be a clergyman. It seems no small degree of oppression that because a man has received an episcopal permit to read the Common Prayer in the church of England, he should therefore be disqualified from following any other honest calling which may better accord with some unexpected change in his circumstances or opinions. In our review of Mr. Baron Maseres's excellent essays, we took occasion to demonstrate the folly of supposing the clerical character inalienable, or a moral or legal obstacle to any respectable secular occupation. But, according to the present prevailing notions among the ruling powers, the investiture of the clerical character in one period of life must render the individual a total nullity in respect to any virtuous, but temporal office in every other. As far as the question of *right*, either *legal* or *moral* is concerned, it appears to us that Dr. Highmore has fully established that point; and indeed in every view of the subject, he appears to have greatly the superiority in argument over his opponents. A man who, like Dr. Highmore, opposes the private views of a corporate host, has little chance of success; and the Dr. deserves great praise for the spirit and perseverance which he has displayed in contending against such potent adversaries and such fearful odds. The reader will find some amusement in this work, and some instruction relative to several important points of our ecclesiastical constitution.

ART. 29.—*Great Britain's Jubilee Monitor, and Briton's Mirror; comprising an Epitome of the moral Claims of their most Sacred Majesties, George the Third and Charlotte his Queen! Attributes of Great Britain! With Illustrations of the transcendent Blessings and Advantages enjoyed under the British Government. Contrasted with the Despotism universally exercised in ancient and modern Nations.* By Thomas Martyn. London, Rivington, 1810. 8vo.

MR. Martin has here combined a very strong-scented bouquet of loyal complaisance.

Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published in

August, 1810.

An Account of the Life and Character of Alexander Adam, L. L. D. Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, 12mo. 5s. boards.

A concise History of the Papal Supremacy, 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed.

Ball Room Volaries; or, Canterbury and its Vicinity, 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed.

British Novelists (The) in 50 Vols. Royal 18mo. uniform with the British Essayists; with an Essay, and Biographical and Critical Prefaces, By Mrs. Barbauld, Price 12l. 12s. bds.

Bishop (The) and the Parson's Beard; a Tale in Verse, 12mo. 2s. 6d. boards.

Brewster. — Meditations for the Aged. By John Brewster, M. A. Rector of Boldon, and Vicar of Greatham, in the County of Durham, 8vo. 9s. boards.

Bayley. — Zadig and Astarte, a Romance; translated from the French of Voltaire. By Catherine Bayley, 12s. boards.

Bankerville's Original Edition of Edward and Emma, first printed in the Year 1760; with Drawings, &c. By George Arnold, 4to. 1l. 1s. bds.

Burdon. — A Brief Treatise on the Privileges of the House of Commons. By W. Burdon, 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed.

Costello. — The Soldier's Orphan, a Tale. By Mrs. Costello, 3 vols. 12mo. 13s. 6d. boards.

Clerk. — The Works of William Hogarth (including the Analysis of Beauty) elucidated by Descriptions, Critical, Moral, & Historical (founded on the most approved Authorities) to which is prefixed, some Accounts of his Life. By Thomas Clerk, 2 vols. 8vo. 3l. 12s. boards.

Cottage Girl, (The) a Poem. By the Author of the Fisher Boy, f. c. 5s. boards.

Character (The) and Conduct of British Ministers in War and in Negotiation. Illustrated by Facts, with Observations, 8vo. 1s. 6d. sewed.

Danger (The) of Scarcity guarded

against by Economy and Improvement in the Art of Bread Making, 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed.

Dictionary (A) of Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers, containing Biographical Sketches of the most celebrated Artists, from the earliest Ages to the present Time, 12mo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Dalrymple. — Oriental Repertory, published at the Charge of the East India Company. By J. Dalrymple, vol. 1, royal 4to.

Elements of the Science of Botany, as established by Linnæus; with Examples to illustrate the Classes and Orders of his System. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 124 Plates coloured. 2l. 2s. boards.

Essay (An) on Knowledge; being an Attempt to examine its general Character, and to shew its salutary Influence on Human Happiness and Virtue, f. c. 3s. 6d. boards.

Edinburgh (The) Annual Register for 1808. Vol. I. Part I. & II. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

Geoghegan. — A Commentary on the Treatment of Ruptures, particularly in a State of Strangulation. By Edward Geoghegan, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. 8vo. 4s. boards.

Grey. — A Letter addressed by Lieutenant Colonel John Grey, to a Member of the House of Commons, on the Subject of the Liability of the Pay of the Officers of the Navy and Army to the Tax upon Property. 8vo. 1s. 6d. sewed.

Green. — Sixty Studies from Nature, after Drawings in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, with Descriptions, large fol. Price 11l. 5s. boards.

Hogg. — The Forest Minstrel; a Selection of Songs, adapted to the most favourite Scottish Airs, few of them ever before published. By James Hogg. The Ettrick Shepherd and others, 12mo. 5s. boards.

Hoole. — Little Dramas for Young

People, on Subjects taken from English History, intended to promote among the rising Generation an early Love of Virtue and their Country. By Mrs. B. Hoole, Authoress of 'La Fete de la Rose,' &c. 12mo.

Irvine.—Some Observations upon Diseases chiefly as they occur in Sicily. By William Irvine, M. D. F. R. S. Ed. 8vo. 5s. boards.

Little (The) Chimera; a Tale altered from the French of Ducray Dumini, Author of *Cœlina*, &c. 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 2s. boards.

Legend (The) of Mary Queen of Scots and other Ancient Poems, now first published, from MSS. of the Sixteenth Century, 8vo. 7s. boards.

Macdonald.—The Formations and Manœuvres of Infantry, calculated for the effectual Resistance of Cavalry, and for attacking them successfully on New Principles of Tactics. By the Chevalier Duteil. Translated from the French, with a Preface, by J. Macdonald, Esq. F. R. S. F. Ac. S. 12mo. 7s. 6d. boards.

Officers (The) Daughter; or, a Visit to Ireland, in 1790. By the Daughter of a Captain in the Navy, deceased. 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. bds.

Rowe.—Fables in Verse. By the Rev. Henry Rowe, L. L. D. Rector of Ringshall, in Suffolk. 8vo. 15s. boards. Ditto on royal paper, 1l. 5s. boards.

Remarks upon a Report of the Judgment delivered by the Right Honourable Sir John Nicholl, Knt. LL. D. Official Principal of the Arches-Court of Canterbury, upon the Admission of Articles exhibited in a Cause of Office promoted against the Rev. W. Wicks, for refusing to Bury, according to the Rites of the Church of England, a Child baptized by a Dissenting Minister. 8vo. 2s. sewed.

Rose.—Crusade of St. Lewis and

King Edward the Martyr. 4to. Price 5s. sewed.

Second (A) Reply to the Edinburgh Review. By the Author of a Reply to the Calumnies of that Review against Oxford, 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed.

Seward.—The Poetical Works of Anna Seward, with Extracts from her Literary Correspondence. Edited by Walter Scott, Esq. 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

Smith.—Tour to Haford in Cardiganshire, the Seat of T. Johns, Esq. M. P. royal fol. Price 12l. 12s. bds.

Tuomoy.—A Treatise on the Principal Diseases of Dublin. By Martin Tuomoy, M. D. F. C. D. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Trotter.—Stories for Calumniators. By J. B. Trotter, 2 vols. 12mo. 11s. boards.

Tresham.—British Gallery of Pictures, No. 2. first Series; containing nine Pictures in the Marquis of Stafford's Collection. Price 10s. 6d.—Proofs 1l. 1s. coloured and mounted, 2l. 12s. 6d. By H. Tresham, Esq. R. A.

Weston.—The Conquest of the Miao-Tse; an Imperial Poem. By Kien-lung, entitled, A Choral Song of Harmony, for the first Part of the Spring. By Stephen Weston, F. R. S. S. A. From the Chinese. 8vo. 6s. boards.

Whitaker.—Life and Correspondence of Sir George Radcliffe, Knight, L. L. D. 4to. Price 21s.

Useful Information to Possessors and Purchasers of Estates, Houses, Annuities, and every Species of real Property, their comparative Value, Security, and attendant Expences, with the most advantageous Modes of investing Money, and every Necessary Table for Calculation, 12mo. 5s. bound.

List of Articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.

Goldsmith's Secret History of the Cabinet of Buonaparte.
 Burdon's Materials for Thinking.
 Southey's History of Brazil.
 Philosophical Transactions, Part II. concluded.
 Fox's Appeal to the London Missionary Society.
 Life of Lord Nelson, concluded.